

The Sketch

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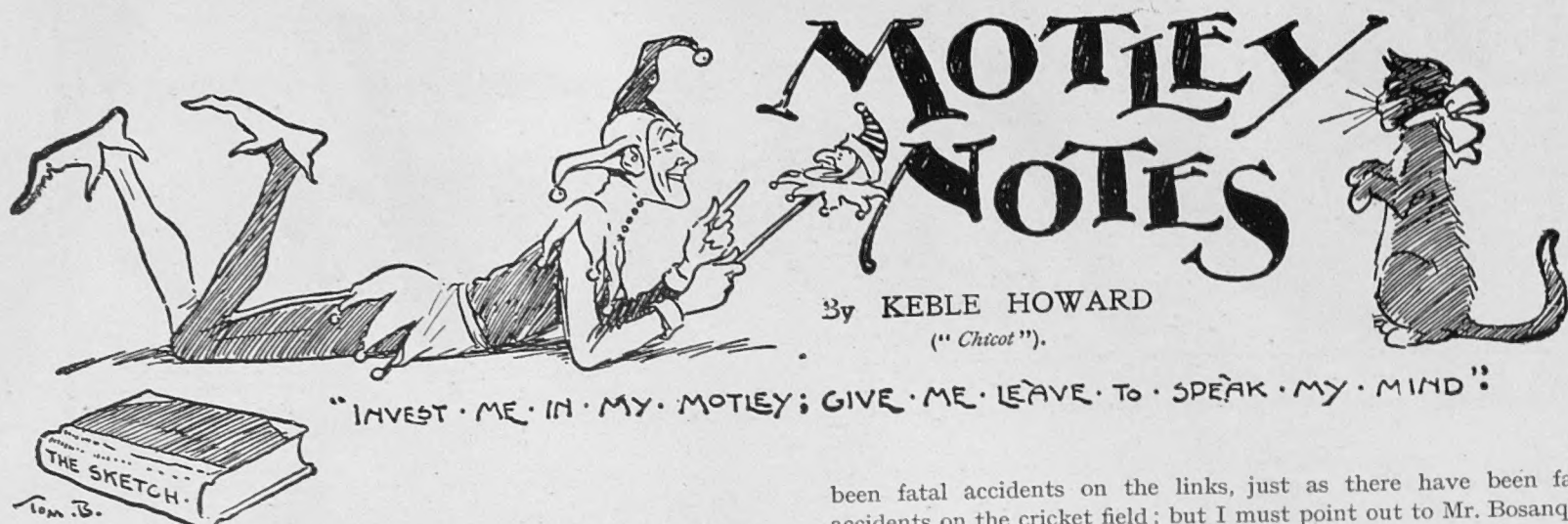
ONE SHILLING.



IN A SUMMER "NUMBER": MISS TEDDIE GERARD.

Miss Teddie Gerard is appearing with considerable success in "Not Likely!" the Alhambra revue.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.



The Attack on Golf.

An attempt is being made—rather a feeble attempt, I fear—to show that golf is a bad game, and a wicked game, and an effeminate game, and a game that is slowly undermining the English character and threatens to overthrow the English nation. I have not had the felicity of reading very much of the eloquent correspondence on the subject, but I did happen to come across a letter written by Mr. P. J. T. Bosanquet, who plays cricket, I understand, for Middlesex. Mr. Bosanquet writes—

"Golf has none of the essentials of a great game. It destroys rather than builds up character, and tends to selfishness and ill-temper. It calls for none of the essential qualities of a great game, such as pluck, endurance, physical fitness and agility, unselfishness and *esprit de corps*, or quickness of eye and judgment."

Let us look into these statements a little. "Golf has none of the essentials of a great game." Well, what are the essentials of a great game? I should say that the first essential of a great game was to be of such absorbing interest that anybody playing it could not possibly allow his mind to wander for a single instant. If there is any game of which this is true, it is undoubtedly true of golf. There are *longueurs* at cricket—indeed, the game as it is now played may be said to be made up chiefly of *longueurs*. There may be *longueurs* at billiards, at bridge, as there certainly are at chess; but there are no *longueurs* at golf, because the moment you have played your ball you are watching anxiously for the result of your stroke; directly the ball comes to rest, you are keenly interested in the result of your opponent's stroke; you are then extremely anxious to see how your own ball is lying—so anxious that players have been known to run to the spot where the ball is lying; and then comes the moment to play again. Finally, when you get to the green, you have a climax thoroughly worked up without the possibility of an anti-climax.

The Strong Side of Golf.

This is a very important point. There is but one climax in cricket—carefully led up to, I grant you, but once reach it and the game is over. When that climax comes, everybody knows which side has won and which side has lost. Play continues, but it is quite without interest save for individual members of the team. This is not the case with golf—at any rate, it is very seldom that one player wins the first nine holes. As a rule, matters are so arranged, even when the players are unequal, that the interest of the game is maintained almost up to the last hole; in the meantime, you have, as I say, a genuine and exciting climax at each green. I defy anybody, including Mr. Bosanquet, to feel no interest in the result of his stroke when he is playing the odd and both balls are on the green.

Mr. Bosanquet conjures up a picture of a number of obese, indolent, cigar-smoking gentlemen, between sixty and a hundred years of age, strolling lazily round the golf links, making a succession of perfect shots without the slightest effort. Yet the average golf links will show you a number of people, most of them young, most of them as fit as a fiddle, all as keen as it is given to mortal man to be, straining every nerve, every muscle, and every brain-cell to play this ridiculously easy game; and then, nine times out of ten, they cannot succeed in satisfying themselves.

The Weak Side of Cricket.

Mr. Bosanquet harps on the string that golf does not require physical courage, whilst, on the other hand, it develops selfishness and ill-temper. I do not pretend that there is room for very much heroism on the links, but is there much heroism in cricket? There have

been fatal accidents on the links, just as there have been fatal accidents on the cricket field; but I must point out to Mr. Bosanquet this difference between the two games—namely, that the golfer goes forth entirely unprotected against the extremely dangerous little bullets that are constantly whizzing past his head, whilst the cricketer muffles himself up in pads and gloves, and, for all I know, wears a suit of chain-armour underneath his clothes.

But the weakest charge that Mr. Bosanquet brings against golf is the charge of selfishness. Personally, I could not conceive of any game being less selfish than golf—except, perhaps, football. The worst point about cricket, for instance, is the fact that it is a supremely selfish game. It is a game for the few—though it is played by the many. At the most, four people only can play at one time—that is to say, the two batsmen and the two bowlers. Mr. Bosanquet may rave as he likes about the joys of fielding, but we all know something about those joys, and we all know the intense relief that comes when the innings of the opposing side is over. And what then? What is the reward for those patient hours in a cold wind or under a broiling sun? If you happen to be a good bat, the reward is delightful, but how many good bats are there on any side? Look at the printed scores of any cricket-match in the kingdom yesterday, and how many men have had the satisfaction of staying at the wickets even for one hour? As a rule, one man in each team makes the runs; a second man may or may not share in his enjoyment; the rest, as a rule, merely compose a sorry procession from the pavilion to the wickets and back. These are the unselfish ones, I admit; but are they as enthusiastic about the glories of cricket as those others who know beforehand that they have a fair chance of knocking up a hundred?

Without the Gallery.

There is one other point of difference between the two games which must not be overlooked. There is in most people a somewhat ignoble streak which makes them peculiarly susceptible to the applause and approbation of the crowd. It has been said that it is easy to die in a crowd, which, being interpreted, merely means that it is easy to die amidst the plaudits of your fellow-men. There is no game, I suppose, which tends so much to develop and foster this ignoble streak as cricket. Consider the setting of the game. There you have a large confined level space, so that the actions and achievements of the players are easily witnessed by thousands of people. Every good stroke, every clever bit of work brings its meed of applause, and that applause undoubtedly has a stimulating effect upon the players. If it had not, they could scarcely be human.

Now contrast the game of golf. I am not speaking of championships, which are of rare occurrence, but of the ordinary game as it is being played to-day all over the world. Who applauds a brilliant stroke? Your opponent? Probably, but you cannot expect him to be wildly enthusiastic when you secure a point against him. Your caddie? Perhaps, but you suspect the little wretch of sycophancy, and that takes all the sweetness out of his compliments. For the rest, the most brilliant shot goes absolutely unnoticed; there is nobody to encourage when some stroke of ill-luck befalls you, and nobody to cheer when you execute a shot of which any first-class player might be proud. The game is played, therefore, simply and solely for the game itself—not for applause, not for publicity, not for the gratification of human vanity. A game that can flourish under such conditions, and can fill the thoughts of thousands of men and women to the exclusion, for the time being, of everything else in the world, must be written down as a great game, and a game that makes for strengthening and refining the characters of those who play it.

IN LEOPARD-SKIN AND "CREATION": A QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

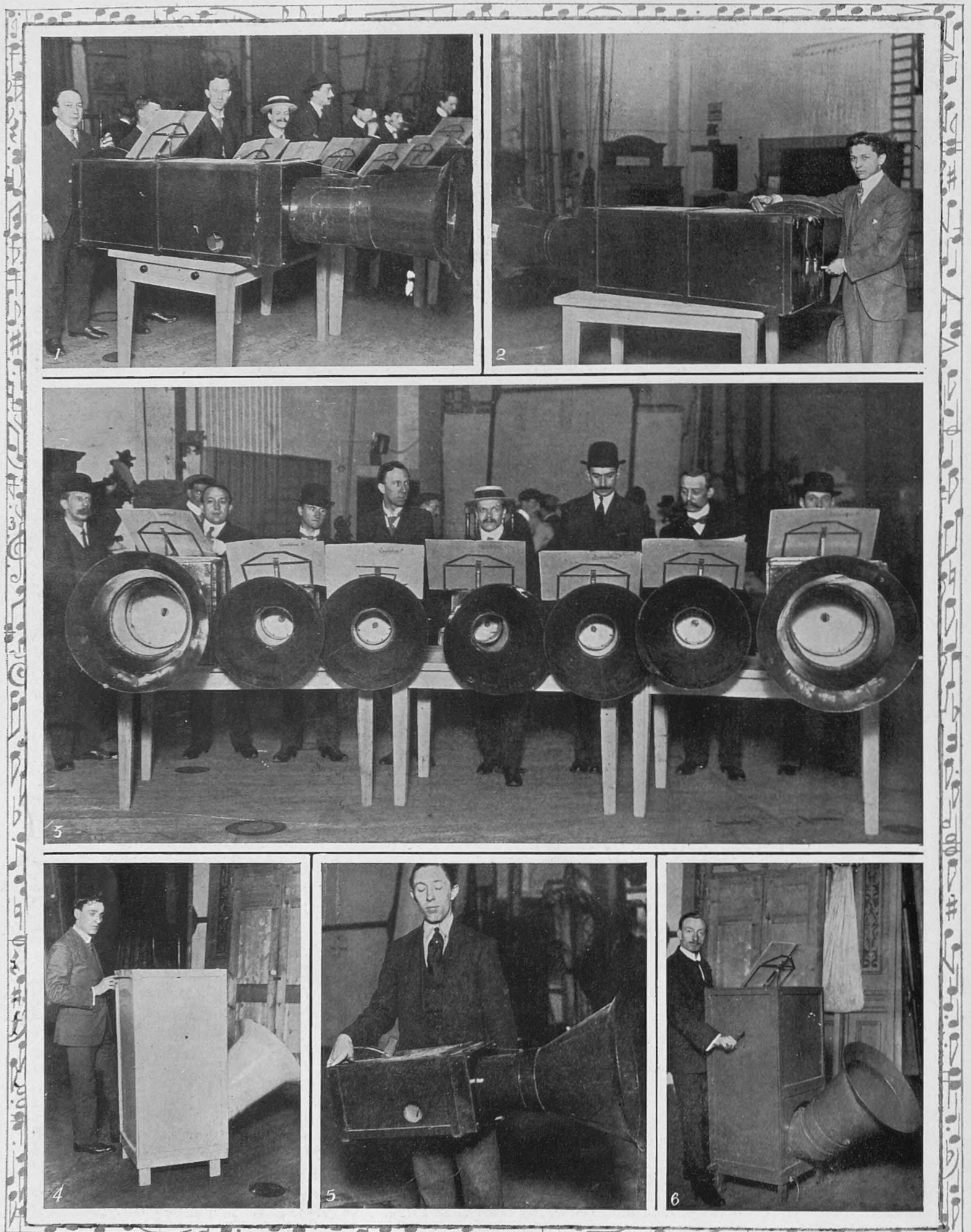


DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF EARL HOWE : VISCOUNTESS CURZON—HER LATEST PORTRAIT.

Lady Curzon is the wife of Earl Howe's only son. Before her marriage, in 1907, she was known as Miss Mary Curzon, only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon. She is a cousin of her husband. She has just returned from Nice.

Photograph by Yevonde.

NOISE-MAKERS FOR THE FUTURIST CONCERT OF NOISES.



1. THE CRÉPITATEUR; FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF WOOD BEING SAWN.

2. THE RONFLEUR; FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF SNORING.

3. INSTRUMENTS USED IN THE "GRAND FUTURIST CONCERT OF NOISES," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: "NOISE-TUNERS" REHEARSING.

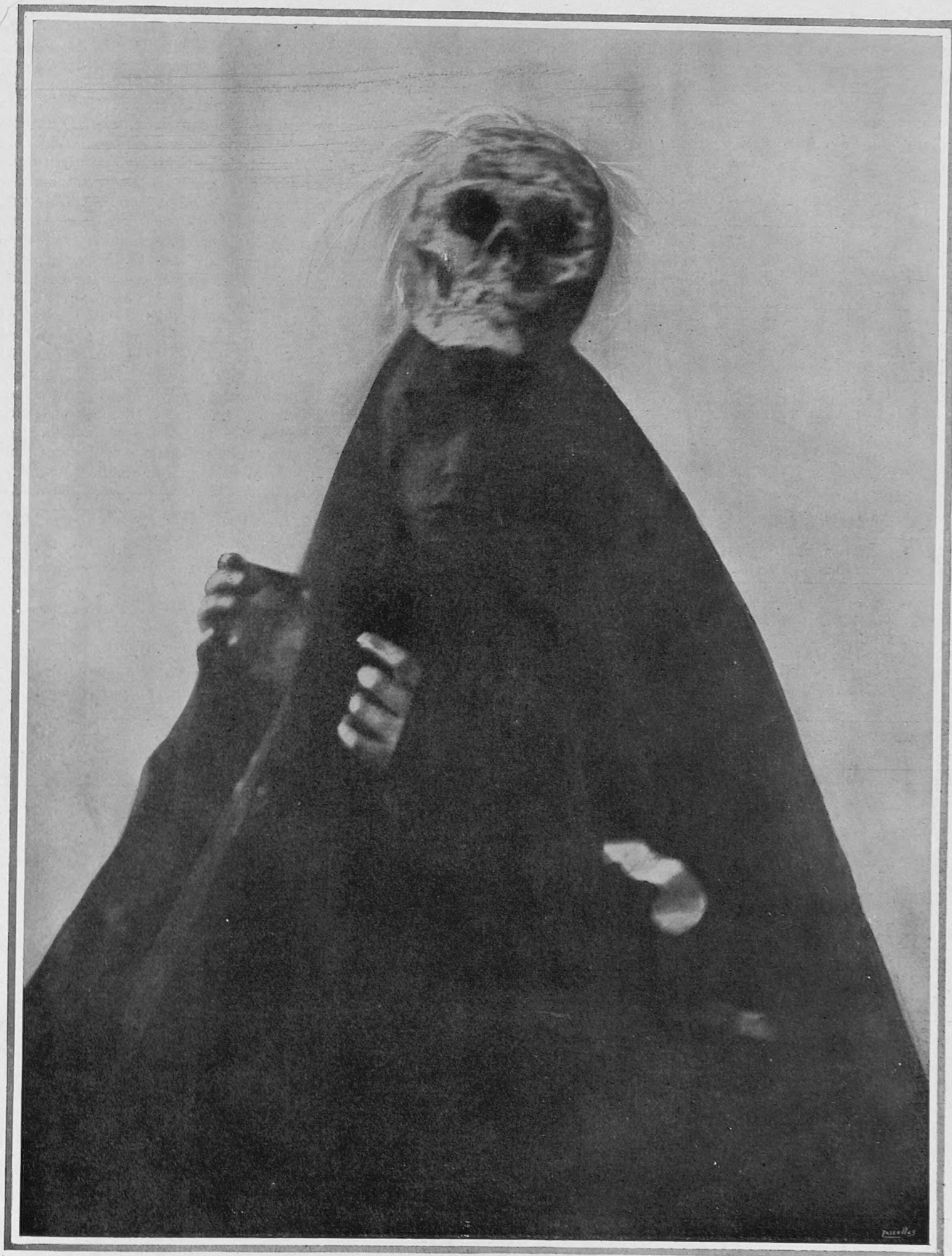
4. M. PIATTI, CO-INVENTOR, WITH M. RUSSOLO, OF THE ART OF NOISES, WITH THE INSTRUMENT FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF WHISTLING.

5. THE FROISSEUR; FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF CRACKLING PAPER.

6. M. RUSSOLO, CO-INVENTOR, WITH M. PIATTI, OF THE ART OF NOISES, WITH AN INSTRUMENT FOR PRODUCING THE SOUND OF A LION'S ROAR.

In the Bill at the London Coliseum this week, No. 12 is "Marinetti . . . The Art of Noises." The Marinetti is, of course, Signor Marinetti, leader of the Futurists; "The Art of Noises" is his lecture on that subject, which will be part of "A Grand Futurist Concert of Noises." The special Futurist instruments used are played by selected members of the Coliseum Orchestra, called "noise-tuners" for the time being.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

DEATH IN "THE NIGHTINGALE": A RUSSIAN OPERA EFFECT.



AS LA MORT IN "LE ROSSIGNOL": MME. ELIZABETH PETRENKO.

It is arranged that Stravinsky's opera-ballet, "Le Rossignol," shall receive its first performance in England to-morrow, June 18, at Drury Lane. With it will be presented Steinberg's "Midas" (also for the first time in England) and "Scheherazade."

Photograph by Saul Bransburg.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVENINGS at 8.30. MAT., SAT., at 2.30. Mr. Joseph P. Bickerton jun. presents,
ADELE. A Musical Comedy. Box Office (J. H. Jubb) 10 to 10. Ger. 2780.

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EMPIRE. "THE MERRY-GO-ROUND," a New Production.
The Bioscope. Selected Varieties by Arthur Prince, Gomez Trio.
Evenings at 8. Manager, Oscar Barrett, jun.

PALLADIUM, Argyll Street, W. CHARLES GULLIVER.
MANAGING DIRECTOR. The best entertainment at the Most Comfortable Theatre
in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and
Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.

LONDON OPERA HOUSE, Kingsway. "CINEMAZOO"
Unique African Hunt and adventure film. Twice daily, at 3 and 8.15. Prices: 6d. to 4s.
Boxes 10s. 6d., 15s., and 21s. Children half price to Reserved Seats. Box Office 6840 Holborn,
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MIDDAY to MIDNIGHT. Band of H.M. IRISH GUARDS.

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SPECIAL FEATURE: JUMPING IN PAIRS.
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20.
ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

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GREAT NIGHT FOR ENGLISH VISITORS, SATURDAY, JUNE 20.
THE BAL TABARIN IS ALWAYS THE HOME OF SPARKLING
AMUSEMENT AND GAIETY, BUT NEXT SATURDAY THE BAL
TABARIN WILL EXCEL ITSELF IN THE ATTRACTIONS
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THE MAGIC CITY EXISTS TO DISPEL GLOOM AND CARE,
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SPECIAL NOTICE

TO TICKET-HOLDERS FOR THE MIDNIGHT BALL.

TICKET-HOLDERS for the amazing Midnight Ball at the
Savoy, on June 25, will no doubt have seen, by their tickets,
that the Strand entrance to the Savoy Hotel is being used
for the Ball. Notice is hereby given that every ticket-holder
wishing to be eligible for the presents must (before entering the
hotel proper) exchange the small counterfoil on the ticket for a
number, which will be drawn from an automatic machine in the
courtyard. There will be one machine for men and one for
women; on no consideration will anyone be allowed to draw a
number without presenting the counterfoil already mentioned;
nor will anyone be allowed to draw after one o'clock in the
morning of the 26th. The rest of the ticket will be given up at the
entrance of the supper-room: the name of the special room in which
each ticket-holder will sup will be found on the ticket. The courtyard,
leading right up to the Strand, will be fitted up as a sitting-room,
and those attending the Ball are requested to wait for other
members of their party there, and not in the vestibule of the
hotel. With regard to *The Sketch* scheme of gifts, we would say
emphatically (though we do not imagine that anyone has any
idea to the contrary) that the method of distribution will be
strictly impartial. No one will have preference over anyone else.
Every ticket-holder will have an equal chance of receiving the
£600 Daimler motor-car and an equal chance of being given one of
the other presents. This impartiality *The Sketch* guarantees. On
another page of this issue will be found details as to the Ball and
a remarkable list of gifts and givers under *The Sketch* scheme.
Anyone going to the Savoy on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday,
and Wednesday, June 22, 23, and 24, can see the presents.

VIA NEWHAVEN-DIEPPE TO SWITZERLAND.

The Shortest, Cheapest, and Most Picturesque Route.

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Seats reserved via P.L.M. and Est Routes.
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Return tickets available 60 days.
Particulars of Continental Manager (Dept. S. 6), BRIGHTON RAILWAY, Victoria, S.W.

HAMBURG every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.—In con-
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Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Corridor Restaurant
Car Train. No supplementary charge for seats.

First Class, Single, 44s. 0d.; Return, 68s. 0d.
Second Class, Single, 30s. 0d.; Return, 45s. 0d.
Details of the G.S.N. Company, 15, Trinity Square, E.C.; or of the Continental Manager,
Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

HARWICH-ANTWERP ROUTE

for BELGIUM every Week-day. Twin Screw Steamers.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.40 p.m.

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Daily Express Service. Turbine Steamers.
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Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union
of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



CEREMONIAL HEAD-GEAR: THE POLO MATCH: AMERICAN COURTESY: RUSSIAN RIDING

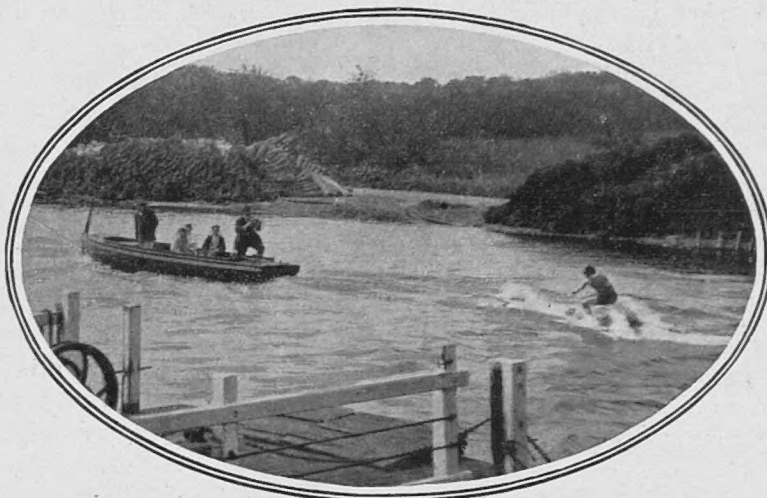
The Cap of Maintenance.

His Majesty the King has been pleased to give to the City of York a Cap of Maintenance, to be worn by the Sword-Bearer of the City on State occasions, a Cap which was presented to the city by Richard the Second having become dilapidated. The Cap is to be made at the York School of Arts and Crafts. I cannot recall that I have ever seen the Sword-Bearer of York in his Cap, but the usual Cap of Maintenance is of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, and, in one of its forms, is a very common crest amongst our nobility. A Cap of Maintenance carried on a staff is amongst the Insignia of the Kings of England, and the Lord Mayor of London has the right to a similar Cap amongst the insignia of his office. The Cap of Maintenance is, I gather, the barret-cap of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the wearing of which was, amongst laymen, the sign of the holding of high office. It symbolised the feudal right of maintaining a personal armed following. It may be that the Lord Mayor of London is entitled to his Cap of Maintenance as a reward for the raising of the City trained bands or some even earlier force of armed men. The biretta of the Churchman is a close relative of the Cap of Maintenance, and so is that queer black square that a judge places on his head when sentencing a murderer to death. The mortar-board of grave dons and lively undergraduates and grammar-school boys is also related to the Cap.

Captain Cheape's Nose.

Before these lines are in print the first international polo match will have been played at Meadowbrook, and we shall know the best or the worst concerning it. But whether our men lose or win it is right that a tribute should be paid to the sporting spirit of the Americans in postponing the first match from Tuesday to Saturday, in order that time should be given to Captain Cheape to recover from the blow on his nose he received in a practice match against a scratch team on Mr. Phipps' private ground. The Americans have done everything that is courteous and sporting to ensure that this country shall put its best team into the field, for when there seemed to be a doubt whether Hurlingham could send out a really representative team they offered to postpone the matches until a later period of the year, and now, when England's best player had the bad luck to be hurt at practice, they gave the doctors the necessary time to heal him of his wound. As luncheon parties unlimited had to be cancelled

in consequence of this decision, and all manner of social arrangements upset, the postponement was most sportsmanlike. Polo, fortunately, is not a game into which professionalism has obtruded itself. It is a game played by gentlemen, and the unwritten code of the honour of sport is very carefully maintained in it.



THE PLUNKER AND THE PLUNKED: THE NEW SPORT IN FULL SWING.

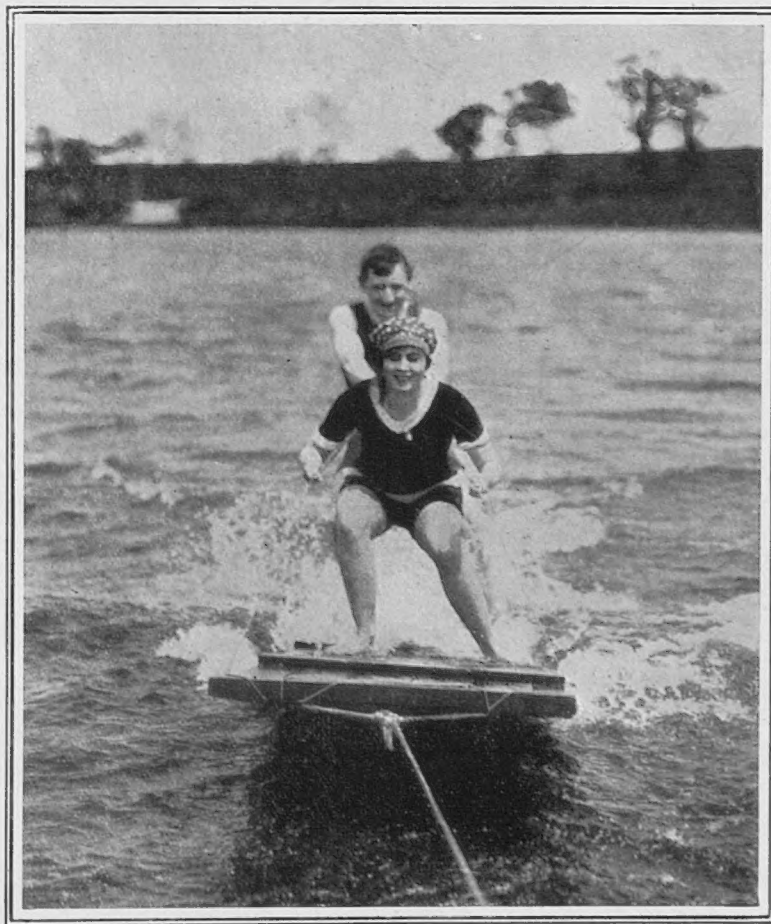
Russian officers all belong to Household regiments in the Russian service, and I remember that Captain Horace Hayes told me, after he had been to Russia for a time to show the military authorities there his method of training horses, that the officers

The Winners of the King Edward VII. Cup.

The Russian officers have won, for the third time in succession, King Edward's Gold Cup, and it is theirs now to keep. The cheers that greeted the Russians when they were declared winners and received the Cup from the hand of King George were the tribute of sport-loving England to fine riders on fine horses. The French came next; our own three men, though they rode very well, were not in the running with the first and second teams. The three Russian officers all belong to Household regiments in the Russian service, and I remember that Captain Horace Hayes told me, after he had been to Russia for a time to show the military authorities there his method of training horses, that the officers of the Russian Household regiments are probably the best mounted officers in the world, and that they give larger prices for their horses than any other soldiers do. Certainly they have sent over for our Horse Show quite perfect riders on quite perfect mounts.

Horse Show Riding.

There is nothing discouraging in the fact that our Army officers have been beaten by horsemen of other nations, in spite of the fact that we believe ourselves as a nation to be good riders. Horse Show military riding is comparatively a new art in England, and I am told that it is by no means certain that we send our best men into the arena by selecting the winners in the tests at the Naval and Military Tournament. The fixed idea an Englishman has of a good rider and a good horse is of a couple who go well to hounds over difficult country; but that is a very different matter from riding over jumps in a great hall crowded with people, blazing with colour and resonant with noise. Many a good horse, finding himself for the first time in Olympia, has suffered from the equine equivalent of stage fright, and has either shown an invincible desire to get back



"PLANKING" BEHIND A MOTOR-BOAT: A NEW SPORT.

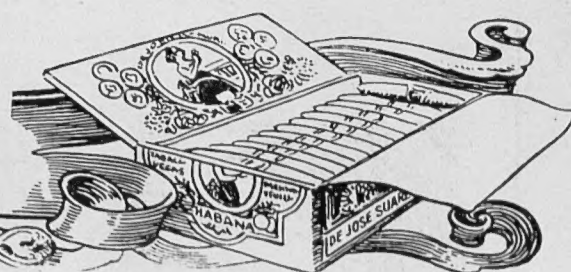
A new sport, Planking, has been brought into being by the motor-boat. It consists of being towed through the water on a plank. You cannot go slowly, for if the craft is not capable of doing eight knots the plank will sink.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

to the privacy of his own stall or has forgotten all his education and has blundered at his fences. As the prizes are awarded to the horses which make the fewest number of blunders, one or two initial mistakes put a raw horse out of the running at once.



LUCKY DIPS

The "Sketch" Scheme of Gifts
for Guests at the Midnight Ball.



TICKETS ABSURDLY CHEAP AT £5 5s.: HOW YOU MAY PROFIT BY BEING CHARITABLE.

A GAIN we give notice that there will be held at the Savoy Hotel, on June 25th, the amazing Midnight Ball. Thanks to a "Sketch" scheme, a feature of this will be Lucky Dips for some £3000 worth of gifts. These dips will be free; and every guest at the ball (that is, everyone who has bought a ticket including admission to the ball and a champagne supper) will have a chance of participating, and possibly being the recipient of one of the presents. We give below a list of the gifts, their value, and their donors, by which it will be seen that many are likely to leave the ball considerably richer than when they went in. It should once more be emphasised that when you have bought your ticket for the Midnight Ball you pay nothing more. Here, indeed, is charity in its most amazing form. The Ball is for the National Institute for the Blind. The list of gifts, it will be noted, is headed by a £600 motor-car, a 20 h.p. Daimler; and included in it also are two-hundred-guinea pictures by John Lavery and the Hon. John Collier, and a fifty-guinea colour sketch by Arthur Hacker, R.A., to say nothing of many other very valuable things.

GIFTS AND GIVERS UNDER THE "SKETCH" SCHEME.

Motor-Cars, &c.

20-h.p. Car ..	£600 0 0	Daimler Co., Ltd., 27-28, Pall Mall, S.W.
Work on Car Body ..	30 0 0	Thrupp and Maberly, Oxford Street.
Traffic Indicator ..	5 5 0	General Supply Co., 39, St. James' St., S.W.

Jewellery, &c.

Clock ..	63 0 0	Benson and Co., Ltd., 82-83, New Bond St.
Table of Plate ..	52 10 0	Elkington & Co., Ltd., 20-22, Regent St., W.
Diamond and Pearl Pendant ..	52 10 0	Carrington & Co., 130, Regent Street, W.
Necklace with Clasp ..	20 0 0	Tecla, New Bond Street.
Clock ..	15 0 0	M. F. Dent, 34, Cockspur Street.
Rose Bowl ..	12 12 0	Tiffany & Co., 221, Regent Street, W.
Pendant ..	23 3 0	Cartier, 175-6, New Bond Street, W.
Diamond and Tortoise-shell Comb ..	5 5 0	Parisian Diamond Co., Ltd., 85, New Bond St., and 37-43, Burlington Arcade.
Lady's Purse-Bag ..	5 5 0	Edwards & Sons, 159-161, Regent St., W.
Travelling Vanity-Case ..		Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, W.
Piece of Silver ..	4 4 0	Kirkby and Bunn, 17, Cork Street.
Jewellery ..	4 4 0	Walker and Hall, Holborn Circus.

Pictures.

John Lavery's (A.R.A.) "The Morning Ride" ..	210 0 0	"The Illustrated London News."
The Hon. John Collier's "The Summer Night That Paused Among Her Stars" ..	210 0 0	The Hon. John Collier.
A Colour Sketch by Arthur Hacker, R.A. ..	52 0 0	Arthur Hacker, R.A.
A Seascape by B. W. Leader, R.A. ..	52 0 0	B. W. Leader, R.A.
2 Helleu Proofs ..	10 0 0	"Illustrated London News," Milford Lane, Strand.
3 Signed Artists' Proofs of "Trouble," by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., "The Happy Warrior," by G. F. Watts; and "Hudson's Last Voyage," by the Hon. John Collier ..	13 13 0	Franz Hanfstaengl, 16, Pall Mall East.

Sittings for Photographs.

Polychrome and Black and White Sittings ..	42 0 0	Dover St. Studios, Ltd., 38, Dover St., W.
Orders for Sittings ..	16 16 0	J. Russell & Sons, Ltd., 51, Baker St., W.
3 five-guinea sittings ..	15 15 0	Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

Gowns, Etc.

Gown ..	52 10 0	Reville & Rossiter, Ltd., 15, Hanover Sq., W.
Gown ..	52 10 0	Mme. A.M. Hayward, 67-68, New Bond St., W.
Sports Coats ..	52 10 0	Debenham and Freebody, 17-37, Wigmore Street, W.
Model Gown ..	52 10 0	Paquin, Ltd., 38-39, Dover Street, W.
Model Gown ..	42 0 0	Redfern, Ltd., 26-27, Conduit Street, W.
Hats ..	42 0 0	Michée Zac, 2, Hanover Ct., Hanover St., W.
Hats and Blouses ..	42 0 0	Zyrot et Cie, 14, Hanover Square, W.
Seal Musquash Coat ..	31 10 0	International Fur Store, Regent Street.
Gown ..	31 10 0	Mme. Ospovat, 69, New Bond Street.
Fur-trimmed Coat ..	20 0 0	Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street.
Coat and Skirt ..	20 0 0	John Simmons & Sons, 35, Haymarket, W.
Fan ..	20 0 0	Miss Goodfellow, 14, George Street, Hanover Square.
3 Sunshades; 3 Umbrellas ..	18 18 0	Brigg & Sons, 23, St. James' Street.
Tea Gown ..	11 11 0	The Misses Pam, 41, New Bond Street.
Blouse ..		Mme. Mauve, 44, South Molton Street.
Ladies' Shoes ..	6 6 0	Jack Jacobus, 39-45, Shaftesbury Avenue.
12 Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs ..		Edouard & Butler, 15D, Clifford St., W.

Opera = Glasses.

Opera-glasses ..	5 15 6	Meyrowitz, 1a, Old Bond Street.
Ladies' Opera-glasses ..	10 10 0	W. Callaghan, New Bond Street.
Binoculars ..	7 7 0	Goerz, Holborn Circus.

Cigars and Cigarettes.

Cigarettes ..	131 5 0	Abdulla & Co., 168, New Bond Street, W.
Cigarettes ..	47 5 0	Milhoff & Co.'s De Reszke Cigarettes.
Cigarettes ..	47 5 0	H. L. Savory, Piccadilly, W.
Cabinet 600 Cigars ..	42 0 0	Fribourg & Treyer, 33-34, Haymarket, S.W.
4 3-guinea Cabinets of Cigarettes ..	12 12 0	Benson and Hedges, 13, Old Bond Street.

Men's Clothes, &c.

Men's Clothing ..	105 0 0	Pope & Bradley, 14, Old Bond Street, W.
Boots and Hosiery ..	63 0 0	Savoy Tailors' Guild, Savoy Ct., Strand, W.C.
7 sets of four pair Pyjamas (for men or women) ..	23 2 0	Swan and Edgar, 39-59, Regent Street, and 9-15, Piccadilly.

Dressing Bags.

Lady's Dressing-Bag ..	52 10 0	Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.
Lady's Dressing-Bag ..	30 0 0	Wilson and Gill, 39-41, Regent Street, W.
Gent.'s Dressing-Bag ..	18 10 0	J. C. Vickery, 179-183, Regent Street, W.

General.

For Various 3 - Guinea Presents ..	105 0 0	Ladbroke and Co., 6, Old Burlington St.
Decoration of Room by Arthur de Lissa ..	52 10 0	Fryers, Ltd., 6, Henrietta Street, W.
Gramophone ..	30 0 0	Gramophone Co., 21, City Road, E.C.
7 3 - pound Orders for Goods ..	21 0 0	Boots (Regent Street Branch).
Treatment and Cosmetics ..	21 0 0	Mme. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street.
Passenger Flights (2) ..	20 0 0	Claude Grahame-White.
Tourist Tickets ..	14 14 0	Thos. Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
Toilet Cabinets (2) ..	12 12 0	Cyclax, 58, South Molton Street, W.
Bonbonnières ..	12 12 0	Leopold Barbellion, 79, New Bond St., W.
3 Bonbonnières ..	9 9 0	Fullers, Ltd., 209, Regent Street, W.
3 Cases Royal Vat Whiskey ..	8 2 0	Hedges and Butler, 155, Regent Street, W.
Dinner (for four) ..	5 5 0	Hatchett's White Horse Cellars, Ltd., 79a, Piccadilly, W.
Case of Razors ..	6 6 0	Charles Jaschke.
Claret ..	5 0 0	Hatch, Mansfield & Co., 47, Pall Mall.
Sports Goods ..	3 3 0	A. G. Spalding & Bros.
3 doz. Chick Golf Balls ..		North British Rubber Co.
A Cabinet ..	4 4 0	Henry Stone, 44, Newman Street, W.
3 doz. R. & A. Challenger Golf Balls ..		J. P. Cochrane & Co., 60, Aldermanbury.

Theatre Boxes

(Obtained by Miss Gladys Cooper, who also obtained other gifts).

Wyndham's ..	The Management	Aldwych (2 Boxes) ..	The Management
Garrick ..	"	Queen's ..	"
London Hippodrome ..	"	Daly's ..	"
Coliseum ..	"	Criterion ..	"
Prince of Wales's ..	"	Vaudeville ..	"
Royalty ..	"	Haymarket ..	"
Lyric ..	"	Kingsway ..	"
Globe ..	"	Lyceum ..	"
Oxford ..	"	New ..	"
Palace (Matinée) ..	"	Empire ..	"

In connection with the gift Motor-Car, we wish to acknowledge the kindly co-operation of the "Daily Express," the "Standard," the "Evening Standard," the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Westminster Gazette," Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., "Country Life," Ltd., and Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

N.B.—THE DIP IS FREE—AND WE GUARANTEE THAT IT IS FAIR: the only payment you are called upon to make is for the ball-ticket, and this covers the admission to the Ball and a Champagne Supper. The price of a ticket was three guineas; then four; it is now tickets should be made immediately to Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MLLE. LENGLEN—FOR GIVING CAUSE TO CHANGE THE PHRASE "BASHFUL FIFTEEN" TO "SMASHFUL FIFTEEN."

Mlle. Lenglen, the fifteen-year-old French lawn-tennis player, recently won the Ladies' Singles in the World's Hard Court Lawn-Tennis Championships at St Cloud. She was also one of the winners of the Ladies' Doubles, and one of the runners-up in the Mixed Doubles. — Two grotesque figures of Javanese gods were brought



"COLONEL" DE GROOT—FOR RUNNING AFTER "STRANGE GODS" WITHOUT CONSIDERING THAT BELIEF IN THEM IS NECESSARY TO SALVATION.

from Java to be borne in the Salvation Army's procession through London. — The man who made his way into Buckingham Palace one night recently was pursued by one of the King's pages, Mr. James Copple. It was said of a former intruder into Buckingham Palace that he must be related to "In-I-go" Jones.



MR. JAMES COPPLE—FOR HIS SMART WORK IN "COPPLING" THE NEW "IN-I-GO" IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Photographs by Gaudery, C.N., and Alfieri.



MR. THEODORE HOLLAND—FOR HIS SPECIAL WALTZ FOR THE EXTRA-SPECIAL BALL.



MRS. RUCK—FOR BAGGING EIGHT "BULLS" AND TAKING THEM HOME IN A RUCK-SACK.

Some special dances have been composed for the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on the 25th. Mr. Theodore Holland, son of Sir Arthur Holland, has written a very excellent waltz, and Mr. Cecil Macklin a One-Step called "Caper Sauce." — At the Surrey Ladies' Rifle Association Meeting, Mrs. Ruck made eight "bulls" in eight



MME. YVETTE GUILBERT—FOR GIVING THE SUFFRAGETTES A GOOD TALKING TO.

shots at 100 yards. — Mme. Yvette Guilbert, the famous *diseuse*, recently wrote an eloquent appeal to the Suffragettes to desist from militancy, recalling the peaceful Suffrage procession in which she took part in London. Mme. Guilbert is about to give her new series of mediaeval songs at Bechstein Hall.



MR. MACKLIN—FOR CONCOCTING "CAPER SAUCE" FOR THE CAPERERS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL.

Photographs by Cecil, Sport and General, Deager, and Mord.



MISS CECIL LEITCH—FOR MAKING "BRITISH" AND "ENGLISH" SYNONYMOUS AS REGARDS LADY CHAMPIONS.

In the final of the English Ladies' (Close) Golf Championship at Walton Heath, Miss Cecil Leitch, the British Lady Champion, beat Miss Gladys Bastin by 2 and 1. In the final of the Scottish Ladies' Championship at Muirfield, Miss Anderson, of Machrihanish, beat Miss Frances Teacher, of North Berwick, on the twentieth



MAURICE AND FLORENCE WALTON—FOR DANCING TO MAJESTY AT HAMPSTEAD AND PREPARING TO AMAZE THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL.

green. — After the dinner, at which the King and Queen were the guests of honour, given by the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby at Kenwood Towers, Hampstead, Maurice and Florence Walton gave a charming exhibition of dancing. They are to give two special dances at the Midnight Ball on June 25.

Photographs by Sport and General, and Foulsham and Banfield.



MISS ANDERSON—FOR TEACHING MISS TEACHER THAT NORTH BERWICK IS NOT IN IT WITH MACHRIHANISH.



REDSKINS, HORSE-THIEVES, AND THE DEADWOOD COACH: THE "REAL WILD WEST" OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

Cow Girls and Boys. The "Wild West" Show at the Anglo-American Exposition—Exposition, mark you, not Exhibition, there being doubtless some profound meaning in the employment of the term "Exposition," though I have not the least idea what it is—caused me a feeling of regret. Why was not this sort of thing invented when I was a boy—this arena display of Redskins, cow-boys, and cow-girls. (By-the-bye, I dislike the term "cow-girls" very much. It sounds rude and also seems wrong: there appears to be a sort of confusion of sexes when speaking both of cow-boys and cow-girls.) What splendid stuff for day-dreams it would have been, and for the weaving of wonderful stories, in which, of course, the dreamer always

Pictureque figures, these Redskins at Shepherd's Bush. And so we had battles between cowboys and Redskins—good confused fighting with much bing-banging of "guns." And the naughty savages attacked the Deadwood coach and were driven off, and wicked Westerners held up that unfortunate coach and robbed the passengers. There is also a little drama of a horse-thief. We see him steal the horse, and then the pursuit by the posse; and he is lassoed, pulled off his horse, and dragged round the arena like the body of the heroic Hector after the chariot of the insolent Achilles. A wonderful thing, those lassos, in the skilled hands of the cowboys, writhing like obedient snakes. Indeed, a band of mounted cowboy police would be useful sometimes in London. What a thrilling account there is of the use of the lasso in "Elsie Venner." Does anybody nowadays read that shivery novel by the famous Holmes, the beloved author of the "Breakfast Table" series? Has it been re-published, I wonder? I should rather like to tackle it again, and shudder once more at the rattlesnakes.



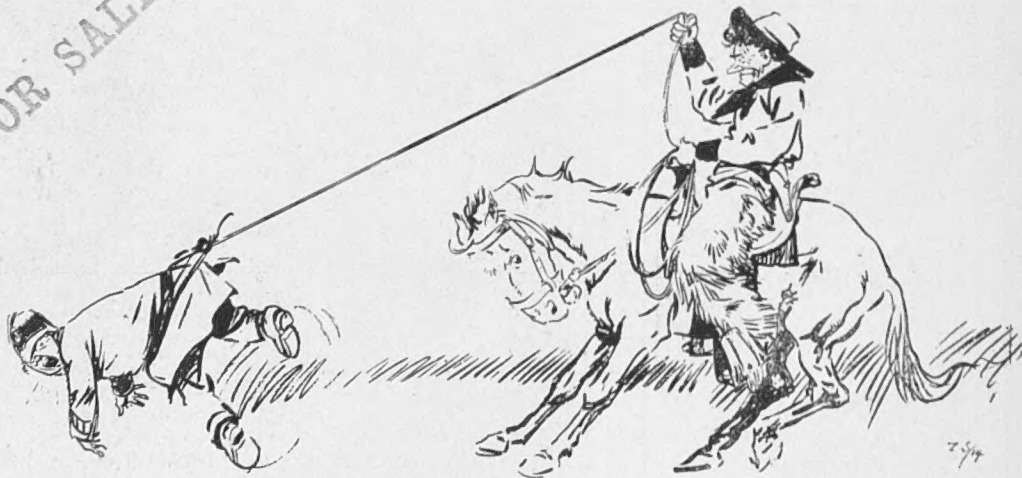
EVEN MORE MARVELLOUS THAN THE RUSSIANS AT THE HORSE SHOW: CASSACK RIDERS OF "101 RANCH. REAL WILD WEST" AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

figured as the hero. What superb feats of horsemanship I should have accomplished before the admiring cow-maidens; what magnificent deeds of "derring-doe" ("derring-doe" is good, I have never used it before), culminating in a gallant rescue of the most beautiful of the young ladies, and marriage to my dainty Cow-Bride. A conjugal union, it may be observed, on platonic lines. For it was a feature of my schoolboy dreams that my union with the Princess or Beggar-Maid or other lovely heroine was generally, perhaps always, on a basis of total abstinence. I wonder whether this is a common feature in the dreams of adolescent males; I wonder, too, what the cow-wife would have thought of it—or perhaps I don't wonder! But, alas! the Wild West and the cow-boy had not been *invented* in those days; of course, you know, there is no such Wild West, and the cow-boys and girls are merely inventions of novelists and newspaper men. So, these lovely dreams were not dreamt. The Wild West mining camp of Bret Harte's imagination did not give such romantic food, and rather lacked the strain of sentiment that appealed to the schoolboy. In the White City we had scores of young men and maidens picturesquely clad, dashing about on their "fiery mustangs" (mustang, I believe, is the correct word), doing wonderful feats of horsemanship; riding their steeds in almost every way except the natural one—some going so far, even, as to ride more off than on their mounts. Mr. Monocle, too, can do that; indeed, last time that he rode a "gee-gee," he was more off than on, and therefore gave up hunting for the pursuit of the golf-ball, more tricky than the fox.

The Writhing Lasso. The many Redskins in the arena were, of course, old friends. What man living is there who has not played Red Indians in his boyhood, and revelled in Mayne Reid's books (are they still alive?) and in Fenimore Cooper's novels? Cooper, of course, has his share of immortality, for the American novelist, Byron, and Walter Scott were three great influences on European literature and emotional thought in the days when Queen Victoria was a girl; and "The Last of the Mohicans" can be read nowadays even by the middle-aged without an unkindly smile, but not without a thrill.

The Liver-Ticklers. Have you seen the gentlemen riding the fiery untamed steeds, kicking and bucking frantically in their efforts to throw off their closely adhesive cavaliers? Riding buck-jumpers ought to be a grand thing at the present moment, when the biting winds of June have rendered sluggish the organ which the ancients deemed to be the seat of love. Of course, this reference is not to the blood-pumping apparatus which the moderns regard as the home of the passion. I should like to be quite sure that, when he had thrown me, my mustang would abstain from jumping on me and eating little bits—would, in fact, behave "chivalrously," as, indeed, a horse ought to behave, since the word "chivalry" comes from or is connected with *cheval*. I wonder whether this fact was the germ idea in Swift's awful story, "A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms." Have I mentioned Mr. John Buck? I trust the name is correct—my programme is silent. People hate being "called out of their names," and I would not hurt his feelings on any account, for the gentleman in question is an



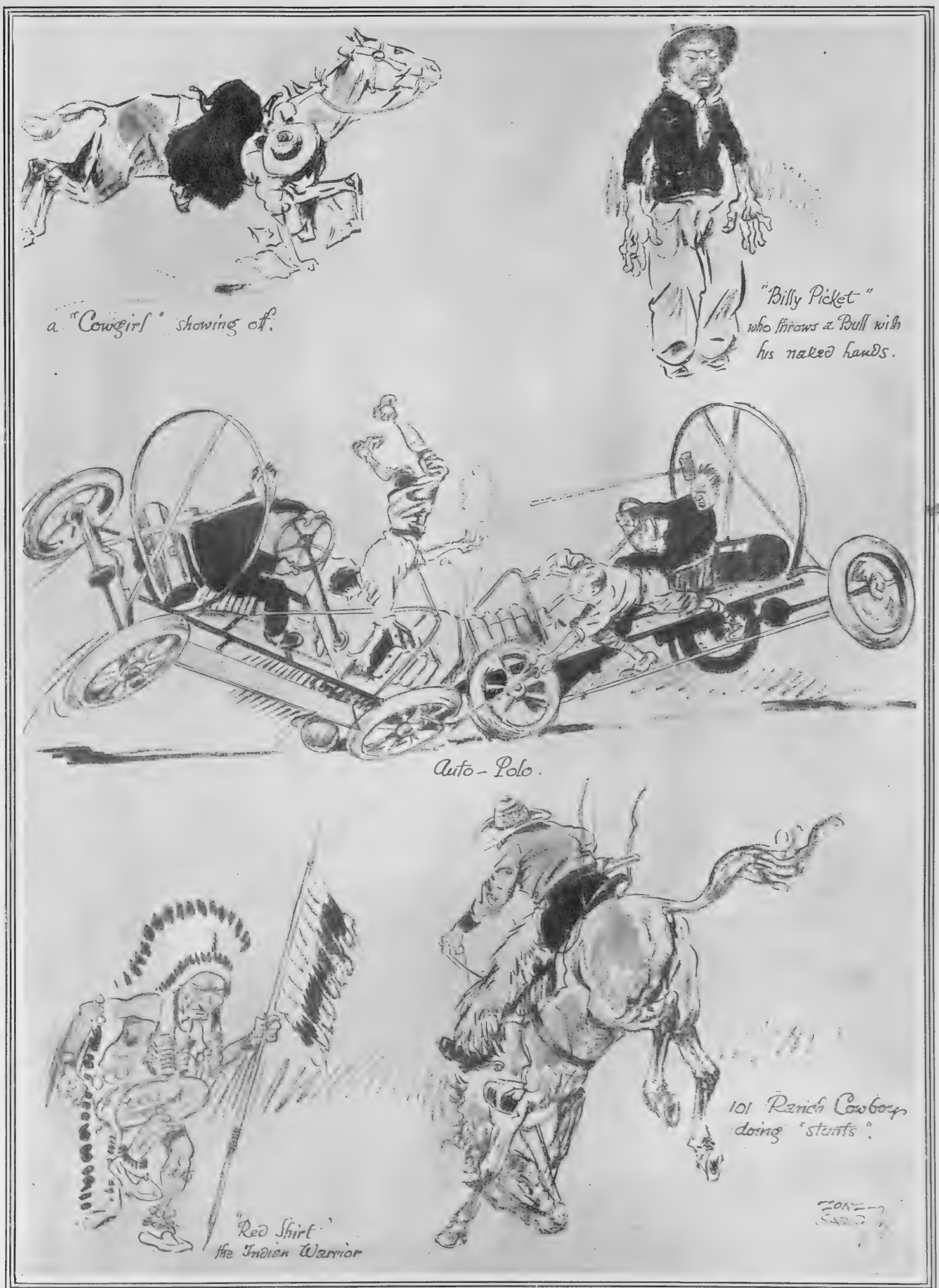
LASSOING THE COMIC POLICEMAN: AN INCIDENT IN "101 RANCH. REAL WILD WEST" AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

extraordinarily expert shooter, and brought down glass balls with an appalling precision in a bad light. Just the sort of man some of my friends would like as a guest to do a series of rights and lefts when the game wants thinning, though I am not sure that I approve of repeating shot-guns: that, however, is a point for the consideration of our sporting Editor. Altogether, the "Real Wild West," even if it contains no person so picturesque as "Buffalo Bill," is quite a remarkable kind of entertainment, and should prove immensely interesting to the young people.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: THE "REAL WILD WEST."

COWBOY "STUNTS," RED INDIANS, AND AUTO-POLO: OLD JOYS BROUGHT UP TO DATE
AT THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

That cowboys and buckjumpers and Redskins exercise all their old fascination on the youthful mind is shown by the popularity of Messrs. Miller Bros. and Arlington's show in the great Stadium of the White City, at the Anglo-American Exposition.

It is called "101 Ranch. Real Wild West," and is further described as "depicting frontier life as it really is." A touch of modernity is given to the entertainment by a game of Auto-Polo.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

VISCOUNT CHURCHILL

ASCOT offers no particular attractions to the hermit and recluse, but it so happens that the man who is at the head of affairs this week is, in one sense, in retirement. He is sometimes to be met in Pall Mall, but hardly ever in the social columns of the *Times*. You may scan a whole season's list of parties and not discover his name. When his relative Lord Lonsdale sends a round robin to the Press pleading for the Promotion of Boxing, Viscount Churchill is not among the signatories; on the other hand, he is connected with no Society for the Suppression of Lord Lonsdale and the Noble Art.

In the Inner Enclosure.

Even in Pall Mall he is the least recognisable and the least greeted of prominent peers; and in the Enclosure the greater part of the crowd (present, so to speak, at his invitation) does not know him by sight. It is not suggested that he is anything of a Backwoodsman, but lately, through keeping to his own particular social enclosure, he has grown unfamiliar to the smart multitude. The great balls of the year have not attracted him; and though duty takes him to the Lord Chamberlain's office, he passes the gates of Buckingham Palace on gala occasions less often than any other of the great courtiers. Even the Derby is not sure of his presence.

"Buttons." This obscurity is the more remarkable when it is remembered that it goes hand in hand with the most distinguished sort of publicity. A godson of Queen Victoria, he has been a courtier from his cradle. Even Eton hardly broke his record, for when he was twelve he became Page of Honour to her Majesty, and so continued (a "Buttons" to disrespectful school-fellows) until he was seventeen. After Eton, he entered the Military College at Sandhurst with the knowledge that a royal eye was kept on his record. For five years he was in the Coldstream Guards, in all senses a soldier of the Queen; and when Edward VII. came to the throne it was quite in keeping that Viscount Churchill should act as Lord Chamberlain at the Coronation. Just as inevitable was his appointment to serve as Master of the Robes at the crowning of George V.

Orders in Excelsis.

The late peer was equally well established in the royal circle, and his wife was Lady-of-the-Bedchamber to Queen Victoria; but the Victorian line is not the only one with which the Spencers were and are familiar. The present Lord Churchill and his wife used to meet Queen Mary at Clumber before her marriage, and were admitted to the good-fellowship ("jolly good-fellowship" would hardly overshoot the mark) of the late Duchess of Teck. At foreign Courts the story is the same; honours have been showered down on him. A Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, he holds the Order of the Red Eagle of Russia, the Crown of Italy, the Crown of Prussia, the Orange of Nassau, the

Redeemer of Greece, and many more. He has been Master of the Buckhounds, and is a Lord-in-Waiting. But it needs Ascot and its Enclosure to draw him into the open.

The Motor-Packer.

Ascot and its Enclosure is his own preserve. The improvements—such as the enlargement of parade-grounds, the providing of sufficient garage, the more convenient arrangement for the exchange of vouchers for badges, and even the water-supply—owe much to his vigilant attention to detail. As a prominent member of the Automobile Club (Lady Churchill, by the way, was a pioneer among motorists), he has been able to enter with particular usefulness into

the difficult question of packing cars away during the races. Last year he had to deal with something like five thousand; this year there are still more.

The Sporting Risk.

Last year there was the "Ascot Scandal," which he was closely concerned in exposing. Although it had been known to the officials for some time that there was trafficking in tickets, it was only when Lord Churchill himself saw a lady in the Enclosure to whom he had refused a voucher that the charge could be brought home. Proceedings were instituted in his own name, and, it must be supposed, the illicit transference or dealing in the precious permits stopped, so far as it is humanly possible to stop any abuse of privileges granted on a large scale, and to people who, for the day at any rate, are all taking sporting risks.

Wanted, a Social Samson.

The task at Ascot has been a difficult one; to a man of less personal reserve than Lord Churchill it would be well-nigh impossible. For twenty years the Enclosure gates were opened so wide that to get them closed again needs a social Samson. Lord Churchill cannot be classed with those famous "eliminators," the late Lord Cork and his successor, Hardwicke, but he is better able than most men to resist the pressure inevitably brought to bear on anyone responsible for the distribution of favours.

The True Courtier.

Even if, at the present time, only Ascot succeeds in bringing him into the open, Lord Churchill remains as a

true type of the courtier. He belongs to a group. Earl Spencer, whose high collars and stiff manners are the outward signs of a soul set on doing the right thing; Lord Sandhurst, whose ceremonious coolness is the marvel of agitated generals and timorous dowagers; the Earl of Chesterfield, an incomparable Lord Steward; Viscount Esher, who is everything at Windsor from glorified head-housemaid to Deputy Constable; Sir Arthur Walsh, the masterly Master of Ceremonies—it is among these and their kind that he takes high standing for the nice finish of his Great Worldliness.



VISCOUNT CHURCHILL.

Victor Albert Francis Charles Spencer, G.C.V.O., first Viscount Churchill, was born on Oct. 23, 1864, succeeded to the Churchill Barony in 1886, and was created Viscount in 1902. He has been Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward VII. In 1900, he acted as Master of the Buckhounds, in 1902 as Lord Chamberlain, and at the Coronation of King George V. as Master of the Robes. Further, he is Conservative Whip in the House of Lords, and Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company. In 1887, he married Lady Verena Maud Lowther, daughter of the third Earl of Lonsdale.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

HAIL, COLUMBIA!—AND BRITANNIA: THE PEACE BALL.



1. LADY DECIES (FORMERLY MISS VIVIEN JAY GOULD, OF NEW YORK), WHO WAS ONE OF THE STATES OF THE UNION.
2. LADY (GERARD) LOWTHER (FORMERLY MISS ALICE BLIGHT, OF PHILADELPHIA); CORA, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD (FORMERLY MRS. SAMUEL COLGATE, OF NEW-HAMBURG-ON-HUDSON); AND MRS. PAYNE THOMPSON AS STATES OF THE UNION.
3. LADY NEWBOROUGH AS KENTUCKY.
4. LADY BARRAN (FORMERLY MISS ALICE PARKS, OF NEW YORK) AS NEVADA.

There took place last week, at the Albert Hall, a ball organised by the British Peace Centenary Committee and, as this indicates, emphasising the century of peace that has existed between Great Britain and the United States. The spirit of the occasion

5. MRS. JOHN ASTOR AS COLUMBIA.
6. LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (FORMERLY MISS JENNIE JEROME, OF NEW YORK) WHO REPRESENTED NEW YORK.
7. LADY WAECHTER IN 1825 COSTUME.
8. MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT (FORMERLY MISS MARY BURNS, OF NEW YORK—CENTRE), AND OTHER REPRESENTATIVES OF STATES OF THE UNION.
9. LADY MAUD WARRENDER AS BRITANNIA.

was well marked when Britannia, represented by Lady Maud Warrender, and Columbia, represented by Mrs. John Astor, met at the end of a sequence of stately processions.—[Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co. and Lafayette.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE lawn-tennis craze came with a rush, and last week-end reached its height. There was in consequence a famine in tennis-balls. On Friday afternoon one hostess, who found herself and her famous lawns in the country committed to a considerable Saturday-to-Monday house-party of enthusiasts, remembered at the last moment before leaving town that her stock of balls had not been replenished since last year. She motored from Brompton to Holborn, calling at four great shops by the way, and could collect only nine!



TO MARRY SIR FRANCIS M. SIBBALD SCOTT, BT.: MRS. GLADYS TAYLOR.

Mrs. Gladys Taylor, of Holly Bank, Upton Park, Chester, is the youngest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Francis Rolt, and widow of the late Mr. H. Frank Taylor, of Chester. Sir Francis M. Sibbald Scott, of Pussellawa, Ceylon, is the only son of the late Sir Francis David Sibbald Scott, of Wilton Lodge, Waterloo, Hants.

Photograph by Swaine.

out, all the same, the pedestrian delights of golf and the silent joys of fishing: to his mind they were "slow." King George, likewise, has no passion for mild pursuits; and when he bowls to the Princes there is a tireless sting in his deliveries that speaks volumes for the fitness of his eye and arm.

The Palace Intruder.

The queer intruder at Buckingham Palace seems to have been eminently unfitted to run even the most ordinary risks of trespassing. When he found he had opened a maid's door he was covered with confusion, and it is difficult to imagine what might have been the extent of his embarrassment if he had stumbled into a royal apartment. Of different stuff was the thief who encountered George II. in the gardens of Kensington Palace. The man jumped over the wall, and with great respect informed his Majesty, who was walking alone, that, as he was in great distress, he must ask for the King's money, his watch, and the buckle from his shoes.



TO MARRY MISS ELIZABETH FOY FOLEY TO-DAY (JUNE 17): MR. EDGAR CLOVER.

Mr. Clover is the son of Mr and Mrs. Mathew Clover, of Willaston, Chester.

Photograph by Lafayette.

King George in Condition.

Though the King enjoys lawn-tennis, his Majesty has somewhat jeopardised his taste for it by indulging the sterner joys of the game within walls. Some time ago he transformed a large conservatory at Buckingham Palace into a court, and ranks among good players—his preference having always been for the more strenuous forms of exercise. Though Edward VII. had no heart for tennis proper, he ruled



MOTHER OF A SON AND HEIR: LADY PETRE.

The wedding of Catherine Margaret, daughter of the Hon. John Boscawen, and Lionel George Carroll Petre, sixteenth Baron Petre, took place last year.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Another Inigo.

"Always with the greatest respect" (in the words of the story as it was told to the Lord Duncannon of the day and so handed down), the intruder knelt on the grass and removed the royal buckles. Then the King remarked that there was a seal on his watch-chain of little value, but one he wished to keep, and requested the man to take it off the chain and return it. "Your Majesty," said the man, "must be aware that we have been conversing together for some time, and that it would be unsafe for me to remain longer; but if you will give me your word not to say anything of what has passed for twenty-four hours, I will replace the seal on this

stone to-morrow morning." The King agreed, and the man kept to his bargain. The youth who got the name of Inigo through his experiments at the Palace afforded another instance of trespassing on royal preserves; but no episode in the past is quite so astonishing as the recent one at Buckingham Palace. If any building has the look of being burglar-proof, it is the palace of which nowadays one catches glimpses between policemen's helmets.

The Female of the Species.

Father Bernard Vaughan, the most prolific of priestly raconteurs, has a new and amusing story of his own enterprise as a showman in the Colonies. As usual, he wanted money for a pet charity, and as usual decided on a bazaar. For a side-show he bethought him of an emu, the

present of an inconsiderate Australian admirer. He partitioned it off and put up a sign, "This way to the Emu, 3d." People went in readily enough, but the gate-money did not, on

those terms, amount to very much, and the emu at the best was soon inspected. Father Bernard Vaughan hit on a plan for doubling the takings. Counting on the public's natural interest in the female of the species, he wrote a second sign and pasted it over the old "Way Out"—"This way to the Egress, 3d."

The Hill of the Muses.

Horace, for the moment, has been forgotten, and Harrow's attention is concentrated on the triolet—already famous—about a Suffragette with a chopper, and a copper who couldn't stop her. It appeared in the *Harrovian* over a signature that puzzles the ordinary school-boy; the initials do not figure in the Eleven. Though the word has gone round that the author of the neat rhymes is very young, it is more probable that they are a master's. Irresponsible school rhymes can generally be traced to a responsible quarter, and should the Head grow frisky in verse he is inclined to seek a pseudonym. The same rule applies at Eton, where Dr. Warre's Provost's gown is sometimes suspected of disguising an almost Elian capacity as a jester.

The Wertheimers.

Last week the Charles Wertheimer jewels were sold at Christie's. Will anybody turn up in them at Mrs. Asher Wertheimer's dance in Connaught Place? Though the collection of the younger brother have been partly broken up—first by burglars in Park Lane, and then by the bequests and sales that have followed his death—the family collections on the other side of the Marble Arch grow every year. It will be a case on Wednesday of waltzing among treasures, with the wonderful series of Sargents watching from the walls, and the black poodle of the Asher portrait—still to be regarded as Mr. Sargent's masterpiece—putting out its tongue at the brilliant assembly which will doubtless gather at No. 8.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR ROBERT BARCLAY BLACK: LADY MARCIA JOCELYN.

Lady Marcia is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden, and was born in 1891. Major Robert Barclay Black was in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. EDGAR CLOVER TO-DAY (JUNE 17): MISS ELIZABETH FOY FOLEY.

Miss Foley is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foley, of Queen's Gate.

Photograph by Lafayette.

A MIDNIGHT BALL GIFT: A JOHN COLLIER ACADEMY PICTURE.



TO BE GIVEN TO A GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: THE HON. JOHN COLLIER'S "THE SUMMER NIGHT
THAT PAUSED AMONG HER STARS."

Amongst the gifts for guests at the forthcoming Midnight Ball at the Savoy, in connection with "The Sketch" scheme of Lucky Dips, is this fine work by the Hon. John Collier, which was in the Academy of 1910, and has been presented by the artist to show his sympathy with that fine charity, the National Institute for the Blind.

The work is valued at 200 guineas. Mr. Collier's paintings are so well known and so much appreciated that there is no need for us to say anything about the artist here—save, perhaps, that he is the second son of Sir Robert Collier, afterwards Lord Monkswell. Details of other gifts will be found on another page of this issue.

Photograph by Franz Hanfstaeigl.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF LORD ESHER.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT (FORMERLY MISS ZENA DARE) AND HER ELDER CHILD, ANGELA MARIEL BALIOL BRETT.

The marriage of the Hon. Maurice Brett, M.V.O., younger son of Lord Esher, and Miss Florence Harriette Zena Dones (the well-known actress, "Miss Zena Dare"), daughter of Mr. Arthur Albert Dones, took place in January 1911. Mr. and Mrs. Brett's first child, Angela, was born in October 1911; their second, Antony Reginald Forbes Baliol, last year.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

How We Get the Snapshots: Press-Photographing.



THE APPLE-TREE DISGUISE AND BIRD-CAMERA FOR OBTAINING VIVID PICTURES OF SOCIETY WEDDINGS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

How We Get the Snapshots: Press-Photographing.



SECURING A SNAPSHOT OF AN EMINENT DIVINE KNOWN FOR HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

How We Get the Snapshots: Press-Photographing.



TAKING THE ONLY INTIMATE PICTURE OF THE FAVOURITE ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

How We Get the Snapshots: Press = Photographing.



THE TEA-BASKET METHOD OF PHOTOGRAPHY, AT A FASHIONABLE CHARITY BAZAAR

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

QUEEN OF THE MOVIES: "THE CINEMA STAR."



MAKING VERY GOOD IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE SHAFTESBURY: MISS DOROTHY WARD,
WHO PLAYS LOUISE, THE FILM PRINCESS.

Miss Dorothy Ward, hitherto associated in most minds with pantomime, proves herself a first-rate musical-comedy actress in "The Cinema Star," at the Shaftesbury. She plays Louise, the Film Princess, who was called "Kino-Königin" in Germany, and "The Queen of the Movies" in the United States—"movies" being the familiar American term for cinematograph pictures.—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]



SIR MARTIN IN SEARCH OF A FOPPA: THE SPORT OF COLLECTING.*

The Beginning of the Search.

Sir Martin first answered the call of the collector seven-and-twenty years ago. Giovanni Morelli bade him go buy pictures, and said: "I will tell you how to begin. You have been studying the Milanese School very closely during the last few weeks, and by now you know the paintings and style of most of the artists. There is Vincenzo Foppa, for instance. Very few pictures by him are known, and yet he must have painted plenty, and probably several exist which have not yet been identified. Begin by going to all the small dealers' shops in Milan, and see if you can't find a forgotten Foppa in some dark corner; and, by way of stimulus, I will now bet you twenty francs that you don't find one, though I think it quite possible that you may." So Sir Martin set out, with his wife as chief aide. They took the Milanese dealers in order—there were fifty or more of them—went thoroughly and patiently through their stocks, and bought, not the Foppa sought, but a Venetian Virgin and Child with saints, "one of those small altar-pieces, wider than they are tall, with a series of half-length figures about life-size." This "Old Master" they took home in a cab, a glorious ten-pounds' worth. Hope was high. The work had obviously been all painted over, but under that painting a genuine Bellini might lie hid! Cleaning brought horror with it: there came to light the sorriest daub. The hunt went on; and a Bevilacqua was bagged. But, as far as Foppa was concerned, Milan was drawn blank.

A Foppa Found and Revealed.

The next "meet" was

at Brescia. Guided by one Luigi, Sir Martin found himself in the house of Nobile Angelo Mignani. First floor, no good; second storey, no good; third storey, no good. Then, the very highest attic, and in it a room called a studio. Here it was that the noble Angelo did his work of refreshment to the wrecks that came into his hands. "As the door opened," writes Sir Martin, "I saw the floor wholly heaped up with panel pictures over all the area displayed. But yonder, what was that? My heart almost ceased to beat. There at the far end, leaning against the wall, with a number of smaller predella panels leaning against it, I beheld the top half of a small Madonna picture, and the face of the Virgin was the face of a Foppa and no other. I said nothing." The wiles of the hunter served well. He looked at everything but his quarry; admired the view from the window; then said: "Well, I must be going; but I want something by which to remember this visit. How much do you ask for that Madonna there against the wall?" "He named a moderate price, and I accepted it. The thing was wrapped up in an old newspaper." A minute or two later Sir Martin had wired: "I have bought the Foppa." In this instance, there was no shadow of doubt about the genuineness of the work, for all its plastering with repaints. "The face was untouched, and it told its story beyond possibility of mistake." The cleaning was

more than a revelation. "Off from the child's head came his golden curls, and a red cap took their place. Other no less remarkable changes followed. The most extraordinary was with the landscape. Four successive landscapes there were, one on the top of the other. Three came off without resistance, and disclosed the original beneath in perfect preservation. One wonders what kind of mania possessed people to deal thus with a picture."

Items of the "Bag"; Including a Castle.

In that eventful manner began a career of treasure-hunting in Italy, Egypt, India, Peru, Tibet, England, France, and elsewhere; and the bagging of such fine specimens as another Foppa—a Crucifixion; a Lotto; a Romanino; a Tiepolo; a Cotignola; a work of the School of Morèto; a panel by Francesco Zaganelli; decorative panels by Bramantino; a "Christ Crowned with Thorns," by Solario; rare carpets; pots from ancient Egypt; a sacred "ghost" cat of gilt bronze from the cemetery near

Beni-Hasan, a hundred miles or so south of Cairo; bronze statuettes of Osiris, God of the Dead; Coptic steles of about the seventh century; an example of the Gandhara School of sculpture; fine old manuscripts from Tibet—one blue-coloured; old Peruvian pots; Greek and Roman antiquities; Giorgiones; a picture of the School of Tintoretto; furniture—and a Castle, that of Allington, near Maidstone, whose very existence Sir Martin doubted when he first heard of it!



NOT FOR HIGH-BROWS! EYEBROWS BY GEORGES LEPAPE.

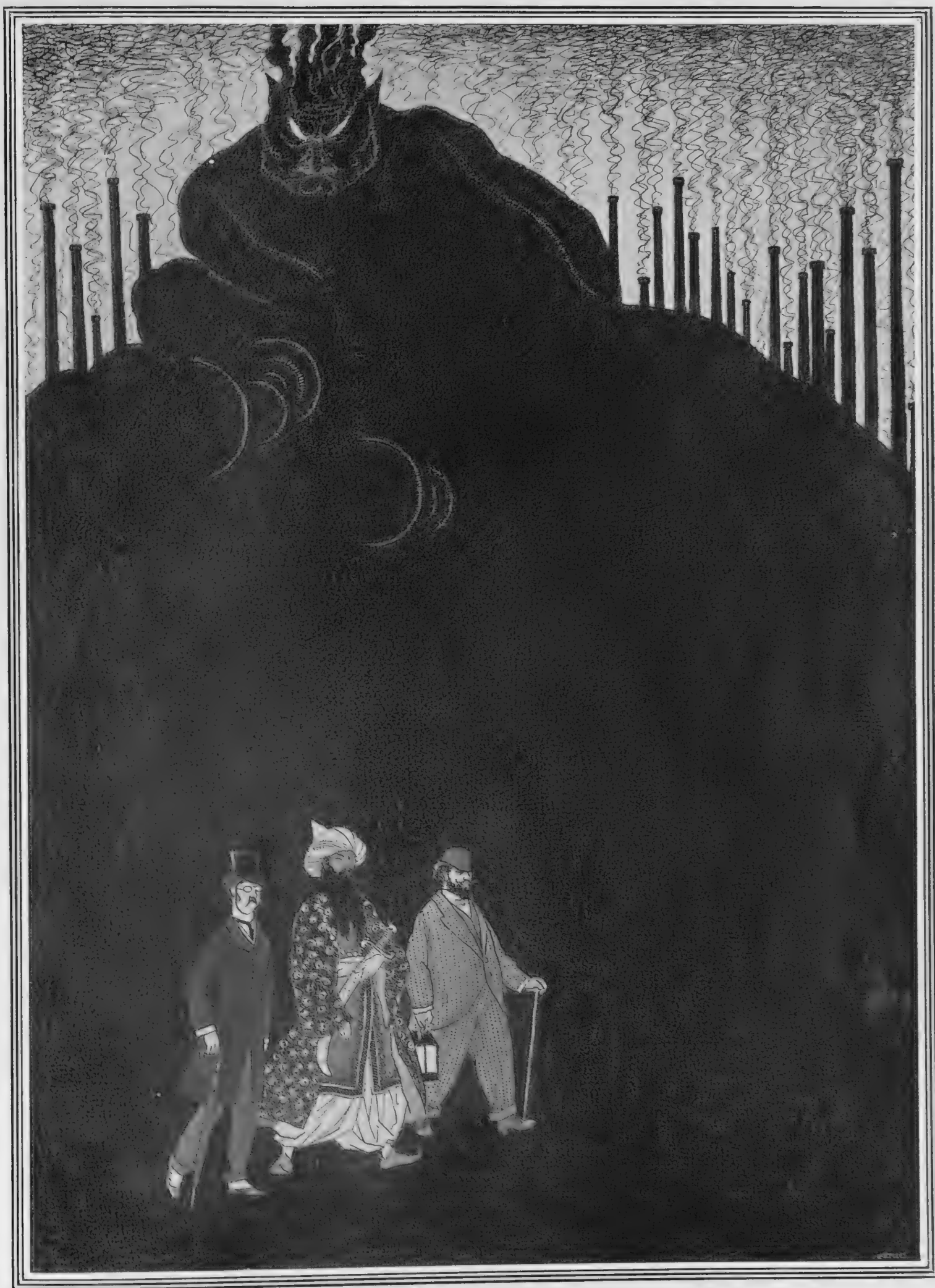
Here is reproduced—in black and white—one of the more unusual of the many unusual water-colours, by artists of the "Gazette du Bon Ton," which are on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in New Bond Street, and are arousing well-merited attention. From the Exhibition of Pictures Contributed to the "Bon Ton" magazine, Published by Mr. William Heinemann.

The Very, Very Old Figure!

Needless to say, Sir Martin hunted with knowledge: had he not done so, his expeditions would have yielded nothing. A few did that, as it was. There was a story of a sculptured figure in the Brianza district, "very precious and beautiful," and belonging to some people at the village of Barni. Sir Martin inquired. "Oh, it was the figure of a man about one metre high and finely made. It was very old, very, very old; as old as the figures you can see all over the Cathedral at Milan, and as fine as any of them . . . perhaps it was once coloured all over, but now there is only colour on some parts." Lured on, Sir Martin started on the quest. It was difficult. At Barni, he learned that the figure had been sent to Bellaggio, to the sacristan and bell-ringer of the parish church. He went to Bellaggio. His man had gone away until the morrow. He waited in a fever of impatience. The sacristan was forthcoming. The pair entered the church-tower, in a chamber of which the statue was locked. The key would not turn—just to add to the excitement. At last the door was banged open. The place was pitch-dark, but a dim figure was faintly visible. Shutters were flung wide—a burst of sunlight illumined the vast moustache of a figure of King Victor Emmanuel! That was the "Old Master"!—Sir Martin Conway's "Sport of Collecting" is most certainly to be read: it is exceedingly entertaining.

* "The Sport of Collecting." By Sir Martin Conway, late Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin; 5s. net.)

SIME ILLUSTRATES "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."

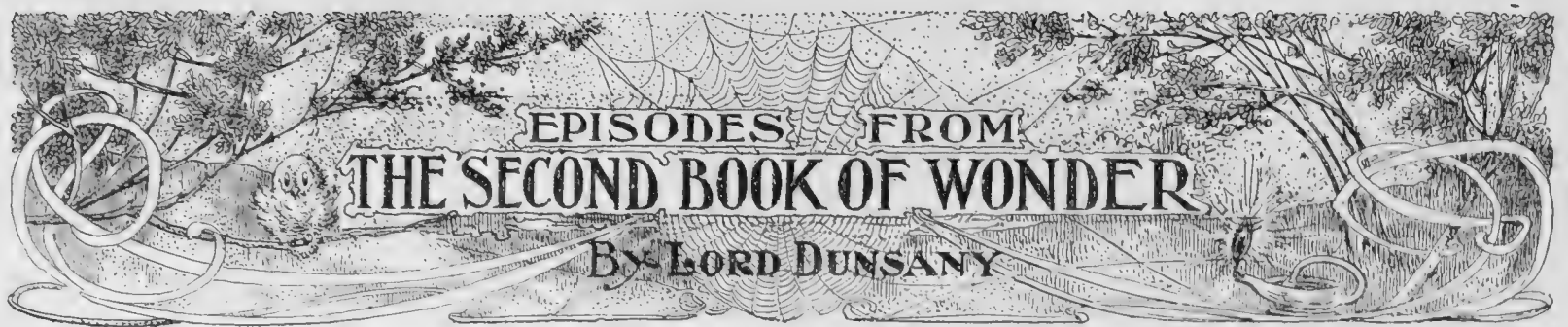


"HOW ALI CAME TO THE BLACK COUNTRY": AN EPISODE FROM "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER,"
BY LORD DUNSANY.

"Guided by Ali, all three set forth for the Midlands . . . and at last they came to the town for which Ali sought. . . . In *harcems* in Persia in the evening when the tales go round it is still told how Ali and Shep and Shooshan came to the Black Country. When it was dawn they looked upon the country and saw how it was

without doubt the appointed place, even as Ali had said, for the earth had been taken out of pits and burned and left lying in heaps, and there were many factories and they stood over the town and, as it were, rejoiced. And with one voice Shep and Shooshan gave praise to Ali."—[DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.]

FOR SALE



EPISODE VI.—HOW ALI CAME TO THE BLACK COUNTRY.

SHOOSHAN the barber went to Shep the maker of teeth to discuss the state of England. They agreed that it was time to send for Ali.

So Shooshan stepped late that night from the little shop near Fleet Street and made his way back again to his house in the ends of London, and sent at once the message that brought Ali.

And Ali came, mostly on foot, from the country of Persia, and it took him a year to come; but when he came he was welcome.

And Shep told Ali what was the matter with England, and Shooshan swore that it was so; and Ali, looking out of the window of the little shop near Fleet Street, beheld the ways of London, and audibly blessed King Solomon and his seal.

When Shep and Shooshan heard the names of King Solomon and his seal, both asked, as they had scarcely dared before, if Ali had it. Ali patted a little bundle of silk that he drew from his inner raiment. It was there.

Now concerning the movements and courses of the stars, and the influence on them of spirits of Earth and devils, this age has been rightly named by some The Second Age of Ignorance. But Ali knew. And by watching nightly, for seven years in Bagdad, the way of certain stars, he had found out the dwelling-place of Him they Needed.

Guided by Ali, all three set forth for the Midlands. And by the reverence that was manifest in the faces of Shep and Shooshan towards the person of Ali some knew what Ali carried, while others said that it was the tablets of the Law, others the name of God, and others that he must have a lot of money about him. So they passed Slod and Apton.

And at last they came to the town for which Ali sought, that spot over which he had seen the shy stars wheel and swerve away from their orbits, being troubled. Verily when they came there were no stars, though it was midnight. And Ali said that it was the appointed place. In *hareems* in Persia in the evening when the tales go round it is still told how Ali and Shep and Shooshan came to the Black Country.

When it was dawn they looked upon the country and saw how it was without doubt the appointed place, even as Ali had said, for the earth had been taken out of pits and burned and left lying in heaps, and there were many factories and they stood over the town and, as it were, rejoiced. And with one voice Shep and Shooshan gave praise to Ali.

And Ali said that the great ones of the place must needs be gathered together, and to this end Shep and Shooshan went into the town and there spoke craftily. For they said that Ali had of his wisdom contrived as it were a patent and a novelty which should greatly benefit England. And when they heard how he sought nothing for his novelty save only to benefit mankind, they consented to speak with Ali and see his novelty. And they came forth and met Ali. And Ali spake and said unto them, "O lords of this place, in the book that all men know it is written how that a fisherman casting his net into the sea drew up a bottle of brass, and when he took the stopper from the bottle a dreadful genie of horrible aspect rose from the bottle, as it were like a smoke, even to darkening the sky; whereat the fisherman. . . ." And the great ones of that place said, "We have heard the story." And Ali said, "What became of that genie after he was safely thrown back into the sea is not properly spoken of by any save those that pursue the study of demons, and not with certainty by any man; but that the stopper that bore the ineffable seal and bears it to this day became separate from the bottle is among those things that man may know." And when there was doubt among the great ones Ali drew forth his bundle, and one by one removed those many silks till the seal stood revealed; and some of them knew it for the seal, and others knew it not.

And they looked curiously at it and listened to Ali, and Ali said—

"Having heard how evil is the case of England, how a smoke has darkened the country, and in places (as men say) the grass is black, and how even yet your factories multiply, and haste and noise have become such that men have no time for song, I have therefore come at the bidding of my good friend Shooshan,

barber of London, and of Shep, a maker of teeth, to make things well with you."

And they said: "But where is your patent and your novelty?"

And Ali said: "Have I not here the stopper, and on it, as good men know, the ineffable seal? Now I have learned in Persia how that your trains that make the haste and hurry men to and fro, and your factories, and the digging of your pits, and all the things that are evil, are every one of them caused and brought about by steam."

"Is it not so?" said Shooshan.

"It is even so," said Shep.

"Now it is clear," said Ali, "that the chief devil that vexes England and has done all this harm, who herds men into cities and will not let them rest, is even the devil Steam."

Then the great ones would have rebuked him, but one said: "No, let us hear him; perhaps his patent may improve on steam."

And to them hearkening Ali went on thus: "O lords of this place, let there be made a bottle of strong steel (for I have no bottle with my stopper) and, this being done, let all the factories, trains, digging of pits, and all evil things soever that may be done by steam, be stopped for seven days, and the men that tend them shall go free, but the steel bottle for my stopper I will leave open in a likely place. Now that chief devil, Steam, finding no factories to enter into, nor no trains, sirens, nor pits prepared for him, and being curious and accustomed to steel pots, will verily enter one night into the bottle that you shall make for my stopper, and I shall spring forth from hiding with my stopper and fasten him down with the ineffable seal which is the seal of King Solomon, and deliver him up to you that you cast him into the sea."

And the great ones answered Ali and they said: "But what should we gain if we lose our prosperity and be no longer rich?"

And Ali said: "When we have cast this devil into the sea there will come back again the woods and ferns and all the beautiful things that the world hath, the little leaping hares shall be seen at play, there shall be music on the hills again, and at twilight ease and quiet, and after the twilight stars."

And "Verily," said Shooshan, "there shall be the dance again."

"Ay," said Shep, "there shall be the country dance."

But the great ones spake and said, denying Ali:

"We will make no such bottle for your stopper, nor stop our healthy factories or good trains, nor cease from our digging of pits, nor do anything that you desire, for an interference with steam would strike at the roots of that prosperity that you see so plentifully all around us."

Thus they dismissed Ali there and then from that place where the earth was torn up and burnt, being taken out of pits, and where factories blazed all night with a demoniac glare; and they dismissed with him both Shooshan the barber and Shep the maker of teeth: so that a week later Ali started from Calais on his long walk back to Persia.

And all this happened thirty years ago, and Shep is an old man now and Shooshan older, and many mouths have bit with the teeth of Shep (for he has a knack of getting them back whenever his customers die), and they have written again to Ali, away in the country of Persia, with these words, saying:

"O, Ali. The devil has indeed begotten a devil, even that spirit Petrol. And the young devil waxeth and increaseth in lustihood, and is twelve years old and becoming like to his father. Come therefore and help us with the ineffable seal. For there is none like Ali."

And Ali turns where his slaves scatter rose-leaves, letting the letter fall, and deeply draws from his hookah a puff of the scented smoke right down into his lungs, and sighs it forth and smiles, and, lolling round on to his other elbow, speaks comfortably, and says: "And shall a man go twice to the help of a dog?"

And with these words he thinks no more of England, but ponders again the inscrutable ways of God.

THE END.

FIVE O'CLOCK

FRIVOLITIES



BEDROOM COMPANIONS—RATS AND A SELF-MADE WIDOW. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

YOU can always tell a true womanly woman, a nice woman who respects the traditions of her sex and values the regards and help of the male, by her attitude towards mice. As for rats—well! there is no woman yet born who could refrain from shuddering at the mere name of the redoubtable rodents. Let me assure you without vanity (temperament alone being responsible for it) that I am brave. I would walk through a typhoid ward as calmly as in Bond Street; an infuriated dog can always get a fearless and a friendly pat from me; and I even contemplate going and spending my summer holiday in Durazzo. But—my courage has its limits, and I would rather face single-handed a whole regiment than one rat!

As I write this, lying lazily in a punt, with, lying by my side on the same cushion, a beautiful, big—that's where you are wrong; I was merely going to say, a beautiful, big blue book—my one fear is that some daring river rat might intrude upon the privacy of our punt. You see, the aforesaid book is "The Caillaux Drama,"

by John N. Raphael, relating vividly and in an impartial manner the extraordinary Parisian tragedy; and I have just arrived at the chapter describing the St. Lazare prison where Mme. Caillaux was incarcerated. It makes very interesting but creepy reading. According to the reports from French newspapers, the wife of the French Minister of Finance was, through the influence of friends, and owing to the prestige of her social position, if not lying on a bed of roses, at least enjoying

an almost home-like bodily comfort. We were told that furniture from her own house had been fetched to make her cell beautiful and inhabitable, that she was allowed to receive calls and letters, and even that a lady's-maid was attached to her person.

She is allowed to receive visits, but the visits are rare ones, and she is never alone with her visitor. She may write, but what she writes is always read. She may receive letters, but she knows that all her letters pass through other hands and are subject to careful scrutiny before she gets them.

All these, according to the French Press, were only a few of her numerous privileges, but Chapter Two of "The Caillaux Drama" shows how those and other statements were—well, the truth and a-half! Listen, rather, to the description of the St. Lazare Prison and of Cell No. 12, and afterwards, even as the Incas, go and worship the sun, English sun though it be. (By the way, I think I have made a rather startling scientific discovery. It occurred to me that what you in England call sun, what you in this ever-crepuscular island imagine to be the sun, might be, indeed, must be, the shadow of the sun—a projected reflection of the big light. To come

back to the damp walls of St. Lazare, this is what Mr. Raphael has to say about it. He has never lived there (it is a woman's prison—this quite by the way!) but he has visited it, and it seems it is hardly a pleasure resort.

The walls are painted black from the floor up to three-quarters of the distance to the ceiling. The top quarter is whitewashed, but the whitewash is grey from age and want of care. They use extraordinarily little soap and water in the prison of St. Lazare. The heavy beams across the ceiling have been decorated for many years by a network of spiders' webs, and though there was a rumour in the Paris Press at the time of her imprisonment that Cell No. 12 had been cleaned for Mme. Caillaux's reception, I am told that the webs and the spiders are there still.

The would-be maid of Mme. Caillaux is no other than a jailer—a prisoner herself and an unpleasant bedroom companion, being actually a self-made widow.

She is a quiet, somewhat surly woman, and good conduct has obtained for her the privilege of acting as a soubrette in two of the cells, for enforced idleness is one of the prison's worst punishments.

The furniture is very primitive, though better than that of many other cells. There are a mattress on the bed of cast-iron, a pillow, but no bolster, two straw-bottomed chairs, a little white deal table, a jug and a basin which were once enamelled yellow, but through which the rusty metal shows. On the bed is a brown rug with the word "Prison" written on it. Mme. Caillaux has been allowed to cover this rug with an old quilt which Mme. Steinheil brought into the prison. Above the bed is a shelf on which the prisoner's linen can be put. Behind the bed is a little trap through which the wardress can peep into the cell at any



ENGAGED TO MR. RONALD LANCELOT SQUIRL (RONALD SQUIRE): MISS MURIEL HARVEY, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. MARTIN HARVEY.

Miss Harvey has played a number of parts on the stage and acted with her future husband in the recent revival of "The Schoolmistress," at the Vaudeville. Mr. Squire is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Squire, of the 93rd (Argyll and Sutherland) Highlanders. Mr. Squire acts under the stage name "Ronald Squire."—[Photograph by Sarony.]

moment. The floor of No. 12 is tiled with rough red tiles, much worn and broken. There is a stove, but it has never warmed the cell, and in cold weather the damp and cold are very bitter.

The yard in which she is allowed to walk, and which Mr. Moran has drawn for me, is small and has a high wall around it. The windows of cells look down on it, and as the prisoner walks up and down she knows that she is being watched, and feels that there are eyes behind the bars of every window. Every now and then a big rat runs across her path. These rats of St. Lazare are fat and of huge size. They run about quite freely and are almost tame, for no one ever interferes with them. The nuns of St. Lazare keep cats, but they and the rats made friends long ago, and the rats and cats feed amicably together. At least a hundred rats a day are killed in the kitchens and corridors, but there are so many rats that the others hardly miss them. You hear them at night scampering over the beams of the ceilings, you see them in the corridors, kitchens, the cells, everywhere. For some reason they are most playful about dusk, and there are stories in the prison of women who have had fits of hysteria and have even gone out of their minds because of sudden fear of those rats of the prison.

I wonder Mme. Caillaux and all the prisoners, whether guilty or innocent, do not clamour for the guillotine—or a rat-trap!



ON THE LINKS

WHY NOT EAST v. WEST OF SCOTLAND? THE "OPEN" AT PRESTWICK: FIVE-ALL TRIUMVIRS.

Scotland Again. Even though the game has become so much a thing of the South in these days, the Scottish golfing atmosphere is a fine bracing thing, and it is excellent and stimulating to be in it again after all the excitements and enervating effects of such events as have been taking place elsewhere with so much rapidity and confusion in the last few weeks. Here we are once more at splendid Prestwick on the eve of another Open Championship. On Thursday and Friday of this week what is, after all, the greatest event in all golf, inasmuch as it decides without any qualification who is entitled to the distinction of being called the champion golfer of the time, will be settled on this historic course of Ayrshire on the west coast of this kingdom, which has recently got for itself an amateur champion as, with all its wealth of players, it has never done before. Mr. Lawrence Jenkins, who is the champion amateur golfer of the year, belongs, as we know, to this quarter, and his game was cultivated and is still mostly kept in its fine order on the old course of Troon, which is nearly as close to the championship links of Prestwick as Sandwich is to Deal. Between the east and west coasts of Scotland there has always been a very keen rivalry. Once these were the two great divisions of the golfing world, and some of us have wondered why a great annual representative match between the two was never arranged, as certainly it would have embraced the best elements of rivalry and have been more closely contested than any of the international matches.

The Strength of the East. For all the strength and enthusiasm of the West, the East seems, perhaps, to have bred the better golfers. Perhaps those fiercer, biting winds that prevail in the regions of Fifeshire, and the demands they make upon a golfer's power and resources have had something to do with it. Yet numbers, traditions, experience and so forth must have had more. Anyhow, there is the fact that all the Scottish Open Champions but one that there have ever been (and what a great and magnificent gallery of them there are!) have come from the East, and all the Scottish Amateur Champions, too, until now, when Mr. Jenkins scores the first success that the West has ever gained; and so well might the bands of Troon blare their boastful music and the wheels of the railway engine crackle on the gunpowder when the great little golfer who lives at Cambuslang went home a champion. Laidlay, Anderson, Balfour Melville, Tait, Allan, Maxwell, Robb (who was trained at St. Andrew's)—and you might mention Gordon Barry, too, though he was not born in Scotland—all these are Amateur Champions who were bred in the East. It

is a little singular, this great majority, be the causes ever so plain. Robert Andrew, who once reached the semi-final, but after that turned professional, and Mr. Gordon Lockhart have been among the best hopes of the West in recent times, and the weakness in each case has been more temperamental than otherwise. Can it be, then, that those east winds that blow upon the Fifeshire and East Lothian links make stronger golfing hearts and nerves? If it should be so then Mr. Lawrence Jenkins becomes the grand exception to prove the rule, for his are among the strongest of all. The last man to win the Open Championship at Prestwick was James Braid, and magnificently was that championship won, and by such an exhibition of steadiness and perfection on the putting greens as has hardly ever been given in any other championship. The score of Braid that time was 291. It is the lowest there has ever been in the championship, and there are many gathered here in Ayrshire to-day who think that of all the possibilities of the great situation that is coming on, one of the most likely is that that famous victory will be repeated. And Braid is an east of Scotland man.

Who Will Win? The Open Championship situation this year is a very interesting one, and it is a pity that the attractiveness of the meeting should have been to some extent injured by the bad system that has been established this year, by which practically a week has been allowed to elapse between the qualifying rounds and the final competition, which is the only one that really counts. It has made a very tedious business of it. As they came forward to this tournament, the old triumvirate, Vardon, Braid, and Taylor, had each five championships to his credit, and thus, after so many years, they had attained a marvellous equality in the distinction. I remember telling Taylor last year, after he had secured his fifth, and thus equalled the other two, that I hoped most devoutly that neither he nor any of the others would ever win the championship again and so disturb that most appropriate balance, which could hardly ever be restored. Somebody might suggest that for the maintenance of it the three

greatest of champions should now abdicate and never play again. But ambition is a compelling thing, and here and now, with these men playing something uncommonly like their best game, who dare suggest that one of them will not be victorious for the sixth time towards the end of this week? I should not like to be the backer of the field against the triumvirate. These may be the days of the young, and they were saying at Sandwich, when Mr. Jenkins won the Amateur Championship, that a new order of things was beginning; but the old firm in the Open Championship is still very hot stuff indeed.—HENRY LEACH.



WINNER OF THE BAR GOLF TOURNAMENT: MR. C. E. BRISELEY.

The Bar Golfing Society's Tournament, at Littlestone-on-Sea, ended in the victory of Mr. C. E. Briseley (handicap 6) who in the final beat Mr. J. A. Maude (scratch) by 5 and 3. Mr. Briseley, who really did not need the strokes conceded to him by his handicap, showed some brilliant approach putting. Photograph by Sport and General.



THE WINNER OF THE CRUDEN BAY TOURNAMENT: HARRY VARDON ON THE THIRTEENTH GREEN, WITH JAMES BRAID (PUTTING).

Harry Vardon won the first prize of £40 in the annual professional tournament at Cruden Bay, beating George Duncan in the final by 3 and 2. Duncan, as runner-up, took the second prize of £20, and the two semi-finalists who were beaten, Edward Ray and Allan Gow, had prizes of £12 each. In the first round Harry Vardon beat James Braid by 2 and 1, and in the semi-final Edward Ray by 1 hole.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Young Gentleman: "WELL SIR, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE HAD AN INTERESTING LIFE. HAVE YOU ANY REGRETS?"

Old Gentleman: "YES, I REGRET THAT I WAS 63 YEARS OLD BEFORE I FOUND 'JOHNNIE WALKER' BLACK LABEL."



Born 1820
—Still going strong.

There is certainly no reason these days for not finding "Johnnie Walker" Black Label. It is sold all over the world and is everywhere the whisky of distinction.

The call for "Johnnie Walker" is increasing, but not so fast as are the increases in reserve stock to ensure its unvarying quality.

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A NAPOLEON OF THE TURF.

BY C. ACEY.

THE sport of racing is one having its roots firmly planted in the hearts of most Britishers, and men of our race, whether still in the homeland or scattered over the world, dearly love to back their fancy, particularly for such popular events as the Grand National, Derby, and the Cesarewitch. No Act of Parliament ever would stamp out the love of sport, for it is part of the very nature of all the English race.

To every transaction on the Turf there are of necessity two parties—the backer and the “layer.” Each is important to the other, and one cannot exist without the other, any more than there can be buyers without sellers in ordinary commercial transactions.

Everyone, therefore, who likes to “back his fancy” must seek out a Turf accountant with whom to do his business; and there is the opportunity for the display of judgment, for on his choice depends whether he will have pleasure and satisfaction, or disappointment and regrets over his Turf dealings.

You remember the old saying—American, I believe—that “You can fool all the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all the time, but nobody can fool all the people all the time.” Now this particularly applies to advertising, and any bookmaker who advertises extensively must treat his clients with a scrupulous fairness, or his outlay on publicity will be wasted.

Last week at my hairdresser's I met an acquaintance whom I wished to see. He was talking to a smart, well set-up man, and I stood aside till the conversation might finish, when my friend, said, “Hello, old man, let me introduce you to Douglas Stuart.”

We chatted on trivial matters, and, having been shaved, I was leaving when Mr. Douglas Stuart and I again met at the door. “Which way are you going?” said he—“New Oxford Street way?” “Yes,” I answered. “Then come on; we'll walk up together.”

Glad of the opportunity of knowing more of the man with whose name I was so familiar, I gladly assented.

Arriving at No. 102-104, I found a large, handsome building. I had frequently seen the address 102-104, New Oxford Street, and imagined that Douglas Stuart would be occupying an office in the building. What was my astonishment to find that he filled all the floors in both numbers!

“Like to come up and see my new extensions?” I jumped at the chance. Mounting to the first floor, we entered what resembled the office of a great insurance company. From end to end stretched the desks, three rows of them, all occupied by

alert-looking clerks, intent on the business in hand. System and splendid organisation were apparent in every detail. Mr. Douglas Stuart told me that this huge floor had recently been added, and that it was used exclusively for recording commissions received by letter, 'phone, or wire.

I wondered what the other floors could be used for, and a question to “Duggie,” as I have frequently seen him called, brought the cheery answer, “Come and see.” Mounting to the next floor, I found an equal number of actively employed clerks, with ponderous books in front of them—two clerks to each.

“This is the counting-house and ledger department,” I was informed; and I noticed that men only were employed here, and men of palpable experience into the bargain. Mr. Stuart told me that he placed such importance on absolute accuracy that only the best in the way of staff were of any use to him. They were all workers, and most of them had been with him for years, reliable men being added as the business grew.

“The next floor I will spare you,” added Mr. Stuart, “as that is occupied by lady typists, and you would probably be too bashful to venture there.” As we were speaking, a lady typist came in with a sheaf of letters, which Mr. Stuart quickly scanned and signed, asking her to send the others down with as many as were ready for signature.

“How much space did you occupy in this building when first you came here?” I asked. “One floor,” said he, “and found it ample at the time; but as my business grew I added until, as you see, I now use the entire building, and find it none too much.

“I suppose most of your business reaches you by letter?” I asked. “By no means,” said Mr. Stuart; “nearly all of it comes by wire or over the 'phone.” “But do you never have 'phone messages disputed? It seems to me rather risky, as my experience of the 'phone is that it is most unreliable.” “Duggie” smiled. “Ah,” said he, “it is my duty to my clients to make mistakes and disputes practically impossible, and if you will step over to the other end of the ‘recording department’ I will explain the system I have installed.”

After having matters fully explained I saw at once that with the perfect checking and calling over of the transaction, mistakes were most improbable, and I said so.

“Oh,” said Mr. Stuart, “you have only seen half yet. You notice that each message is written on a separate telephone slip, timed with an automatic time-recorder, and filed face downwards. You

ANGLO-AMERICAN			
WESTERN UNION		DIRECT UNITED STATES	
CABLEGRAM			
No. 649	Service Instructions Via Anglo.	Time Received 4/11 AM	Receiving Office ANGLO-AMERICAN 33 NEW ST. 24 MAY 1914 NEW YORK
Handed in at New York		No. of Words 16/15	
No inquiry respecting this Message can be attended to without the production of this paper.			
To C. Loadstone			
Put me \$5000			
starting price			
Hapsbury Derby			
confirm plaza			
Hotel			
Edgar Blair			
CABLE LETTER.			
Please hand your Reply direct to this Office			

A WAGER INVOLVING £33,000.



PART OF THE “RECORDING” OFFICE.

see that? Now come to the other office, and take notice." I went as directed, and saw an alert male clerk, with a receiver to his ear. He said never a word, but, with receiver fixed to ear, he carefully wrote each message as heard on the 'phone, timed it as in the private 'phone-room, and filed it face downwards. I was at a loss, for, no word having been said, I did not know what he was doing. "Duggie" smiled. "He has a duplicate receiver to the one in the telephone-room, records each message simultaneously and independently. Now both files are cleared at the same time, and must agree word for word before the transaction is recorded in my book. Supposing the unlikely event of my expert operator making a mistake, and the client not correcting it when twice called over—once when taking down, and again when complete—it is not conceivable that the man at the duplicate receiver would make exactly the same mistake." I could only wonder at the thoroughness of the methods in which Mr. Stuart conducts what I saw was a gigantic business.

"To what do you attribute the wonderful growth in your business?" I asked. "Advertising, I suppose?" "No," said Mr. Stuart, "advertising is worse than useless unless you 'deliver the goods.' I put my continually expanding business down to 'delivering the goods,' and so giving all my clients satisfaction."

"Do you take any very big risks?" I asked. "Duggie's" smile came over his face again. "Look at that cable from New York," said he. "That client dearly loves a big flutter on our Derby, and has had a big bet with me for several years. You will see that this year he cabled 5000 dollars to win, Hapsburg. You remember it got second at 33's. If it had won it would have cost me over £33,000, yet, when a 33 to 1 chance comes home, people say 'What a day for the 'bookies'!'"

With some diffidence I ventured, "£33,000 is a huge sum—could you have stood it?" For answer, Mr. Stuart said, "Don't you remember my publicly advertising for months that I had £100,000 guaranteed at my bankers, just for emergencies like the one in question? That applies equally to-day."

"Which of your terms or rules do you consider have had most effect in pleasing your clients and gaining their recommendation?" "Several," said Mr. Stuart. "For instance, I originated 'No Limit' combined with allowing 'Place Betting' when the favourite starts 'odds on.' The result is," said Mr. Stuart, "that thousands of my clients leave the hot favourites which are likely to be 'odds on' severely alone, and look for likely horses to fill the 'places' and back them each way. You realise, of course, that if a horse starts at, say, 5 to 1 on, the other horses in the same race are considered to have but a forlorn chance of winning, and a correspondingly big price is offered against them; but it is nothing like a proportionate price against their being 'placed,' yet by my terms I pay such prices, often to my serious loss."

"Take a case in point," said he, and, picking up the *Sporting Chronicle* "Year Book," he turned to last year's Ascot. "The Prince of Wales Stakes—The Tetrarch started at 100 to 30 on. Because of the moral certainty of The Tetrarch winning, Courageous started at 6½ to 1 against, and St. Cyr at 20 to 1 against. Dozens of my clients did not attempt to 'buy money' over The Tetrarch, but backed St. Cyr and Courageous each way, and I paid the full odds of 5 to 1 for a place over St. Cyr, and 15 to 8 over Courageous. The same day Stornaway started at 7 to 4 on, and the second and third were each at tens; and I paid hundreds of people 5 to 2 for a place. Next day, still at Ascot, Aldford started at 2 to 1 on, and again my clients, under my rule, went out to find the 'placers'; and I had any amount to pay out on Santa Quaranta

and Chelsho, each at 5 to 2 against for places. Later in the day, Sun Yat was 5 to 4 on, and I had plenty of clients on Pilliwinkle, the winner, each way at fives, and Augur and Jameson, both over 3 to 1 for places. Next day, Prince Palatine was 7 to 4 on, and I was again stuck over Aleppo at tens and Stedfast at 12½ for the proportionate place-money. That is enough to show the advantage my clients enjoy under this particular rule.

"Take, again, the rule which I originated of 'Paying Lost or Incorrectly Transmitted Telegrams in Full.' The origin of this

concession has a curious history that you might like to hear. When I was in a much smaller way of business, I was seated in my private office one morning when a knock came to the door and a very irate man came in. He asked if I were Douglas Stuart, and, receiving the answer 'Yes,' my visitor said, 'You sent me an account showing I owed you £15.' 'Yes,' I said. 'What name, Sir?' He told me, and I asked a clerk to bring the book containing that account to me. On looking at the previous week's business as recorded, I said, 'Quite correct, Sir; £15 you owe me.'

"My visitor was very, very angry. '£15 I owe you—rubbish! You owe me about £100.' I asked for an explanation, and he said, 'What about that wire I sent you £10 each way So-and-So.' I answered, 'No such wire had reached me'; but my irate visitor said, 'I've been done that way before, and I'm going to have my money. I sent the wire, and you had it.' Now, I am a pretty shrewd reader of character, and the more I looked at the man the more I came to the conclusion that he was absolutely honest. Moreover, I had been looking through his account, and found that some weeks he won, others he lost, but that his indebtedness was always discharged immediately the account was sent in. Without more ado, I said, 'I did not receive that wire. Of course, as it did not reach me I am not compelled to pay, but I am going to do so, for I trust

your word.' Calling for a cheque-book, I drew the cheque, open, and told him he could walk across the road and cash it. A week afterwards I had another visit from my friend, now smiling. 'Good morning,' he said. 'Suppose you were trying to find out if I am really honest?' Taking out his pocket-book, he handed me a 'tenner,' saying, 'I sent you a wire for a tenner to win on So-and-So. Well, it was a loser, and you have not charged me with it.' I naturally began to think there was something wrong—two wires

going astray from the same client in two weeks. I said, 'Thank you. Now let's try and solve the mystery.' I dictated a letter to the post-office in his town asking for certified copies of both wires; and in a week or two the matter was explained. My friend had handed the messages to a boy, giving him in each case a shilling—sixpence for the wire and sixpence for his trouble, but the youngster had torn up the telegrams and pocketed the shilling. On hearing this, my friend was full of apologies, and offered me my money back. I refused to take it, and decided to give all clients the benefit at once of receiving in full on any wire going astray, or arriving incorrectly transmitted, upon production of a certified copy."

I rose to take my leave after a very enlightening and interesting chat, and Mr.

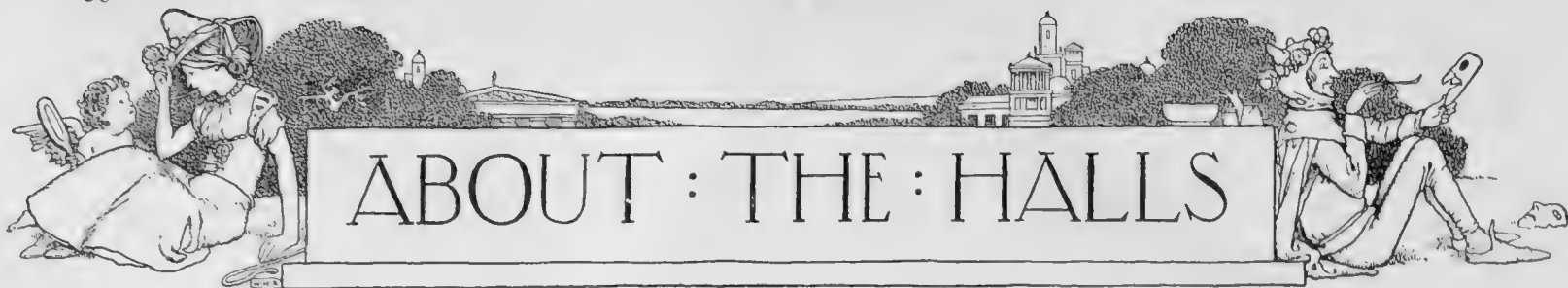
Stuart's parting words were, 'Never forget that in racing, as in any branch of commerce, liberality, accuracy, and promptness in settling liabilities, however large, are sure winners; and any other methods will finish 'down the course.' Any way, I have found my methods have paid me handsomely.' Pondering what I had seen and heard, I no longer wondered at "Duggie" having to enlarge an already large set of offices. His courtesy, hard work, and integrity will go far, and mentally I thought of him as the Napoleon of the Turf, who is not likely to meet his Waterloo.



EXTERIOR OF 102-104, NEW OXFORD STREET.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RECORDING OFFICE.



THE "AMERICO-ROUND": A NEW DANISH DANCER: A MUSICAL TRAGEDY OF MODERN LIFE.

Enter Alfred Butt. Like somebody's definition of life, "The Merry-Go-Round," at the Empire, is just one blessed thing after another. This is all in accordance with Mr. Alfred Butt's plan; and for the Empire, where the patrons do not sit as a family party listening to a fireside story, the plan is the right one. It is wise enough to coddle coherency and dialogue at the Palace, as in "The Passing Show"; but the Empire is altogether "another pair of shoes"—and stockings. Here there must be what Mr. Butt has given them in the Thompson-Bovill-Flers-Sohlke-Tours-Reynolds affair—plenty of mad frolic, plenty of beautiful costumes suitably filled, plenty of delightful dancing, plenty of sound signifying rag-time, and plenty of scenic wonders, all going ahead like steam, in the manner of most merry-go-rounds. There is so much that is excellent in this entertainment (in the whole bright lexicon of Butt there is no such word as *revue*) that it is impossible to praise one thing without seeming to slight another. This is awkward, but I don't mind getting into hot water for the sake of so brilliant a lady as Miss Norah Bayes, for instance. She is Mr. Butt's latest lucky "find" from New York, and her cleverness dominates so many of the scenes that the title of the piece is not yet out of danger of being changed by the wags into "The Americo-Round." Miss Bayes, graceful to the degree which novelists mark by alluding to the gazelle, and with an amazing amount of well-ordered vitality, "gets there" in all she does, and is particularly happy in her spirited rendering of two comedy songs, "How Long have You Been Married?" and "There She Goes!" A third song of hers, "Mind Your Backs!" is chorused by effects which, startling at first, are not so shocking after all. A number of beautiful young ladies, standing with their backs to the audience, appear to be stripped to the waist, but when they suddenly turn round, the people in front are able to breathe again, for, lo and behold! with the accent on the "lo," the bodices in front are no worse than those our sisters and our cousins and our aunts, to say nothing of our wives, are told to wear by the fashion artists. In a garden scene of very great beauty (though I didn't know before that foxgloves streamed down from above like wistaria) Michael Mordkin and Mlle. Balachowa have a graceful fling which is good to look upon; and there is a Sports Dance most delightfully interpreted by Miss Phyllis Bedells—who, by the way, also takes part with Mr. Majilton in one of those dances which are a mixture of a whirlwind, a wrestling match, and a serious accident. The comic department, in which there is plenty of elbow-room for improvement, is chiefly in the hands of M. Morton, the celebrated Parisian *revue* artist, Smith and Doyle (apparently from America), Mr. Will Rogers (same here), and Mr. Harry Roxbury. As a production, "The Merry-Go-Round" is possibly the best thing the Empire has given for years. Surely there never was an Empire ballet or *revue* that could

show such exquisite scenes of colour. Soon (one can feel it coming on) it will be as funny as it is unvulgar.

A Pretty Little Dancer.

It is not kind to call upon an artist of the stage, or of any other branch of art, to live up to a reputation that, like the name of Eccles in the mind of the Marquise de St. Maur, "don't exist." It was, for instance, placing Miss Emilie Smith at a cruel disadvantage when a great daily journal told us to expect in this mild little dancer from Copenhagen "a legitimate successor of Adeline Genée." Certainly

I did not "rove" to the Coliseum expecting to see anyone so great as Genée. I hope I am not such a fool. Copenhagen may be a fairly artistic country, but it doesn't do this sort of thing twice! No; I wasn't bluffed into expecting another Adeline, but I did hope to encounter something more than just a pretty little lady with a charming manner and a figure to match. Of Mme. Donalds, "the Canadian prima-donna," I had something to say last week; but I forgot to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of Miss Ellen Tuckfield's contribution to this turn, which consists of a charming song, "Playmates," sung most effectively by Mme. Donalds, and an unusually clever display of the art of pianoforte accompanying. Miss Tuckfield is "half the show" in this item, and Mme. Donalds—who, by the way, should stick to ballads and leave opera to artists who've "got that kind of voice," is sporting enough to keep her on the stage at the finish to help in the bowing. I like Mme. Donalds for that.

The Palladium's Musical Tragedy.

They have broken out into a new kind of musical play at the Palladium. It is a tragedy of modern life, semi-rural, set by Professor Marshall-Hall to music which, when it is not reminding you of Mascagni, is defying you not to recall Leoncavallo. In his purpose to ignore the stories of the great masters, and to explore the "almost untouched field of modern life," the Professor has lavished his melodious attentions upon the sad history of a young professional nurse who poisons herself on learning that the Rector of her native town is bent upon giving publicity to a regrettable episode of her past. To clear herself would be to bring social and official disaster to her betrayer, who has become a "respectable married man," the Mayor of his town, and the president of the local Purity Society—hence the noble sacrifice. A nobler one, however, would have been to rid the town of a pious villain, and to have married the "dear kind doctor" who was in love with her.

But Stella, having melodrama in her soul and Grand Opera in her eye, prefers a crescendo suicide. Miss Constance Drever sang finely and acted with spirit as Stella, Mr. Harrison Cook was the right sort of wrong humbug, Mr. Harold Deacon made a sympathetic doctor, and I made rather a weary spectator.—ROVER.



THE EMPIRE'S CONDUCTOR CARICATURED BY ONE OF THE EMPIRE'S ORCHESTRA: MR. FRANK E. TOURS, WHO WILL PLAY IN THE GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL AT THE SAVOY.

Mr. Frank E. Tours, who is the conductor of the Empire Orchestra, has composed and arranged the music for "The Merry-Go-Round," just produced at that house. He will be remembered also as composer of "The Dashing Little Duke," "The Gay Lothario," "The Hoyden," music for some half-a-dozen of Mr. Seymour Hicks' one-act comedies, and, with Mr. Paul Rubens, of "The Dairy Maids," and (in America) "The Kiss Waltz." He and his orchestra have generously agreed to play in the guests at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on June 25, performing in the covered courtyard of the hotel from twelve until one. The cartoonist, Mr. W. Barton Wilkinson, plays the viola in the Empire Orchestra, and is in the habit of making caricatures with his left hand during the intervals of playing.

CARICATURED BY W. BARTON WILKINSON.



TWO GREAT CONTINENTAL TESTS: THE ALPINE TRIAL AND THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX.

The Great Alpine Trial.

When last year's Alpine Trial produced a field of forty-odd competitors, as compared with more than twice the number of entries in 1912, there were those who thought that this falling-off meant the beginning of the end, and that there would be no contest at all in 1914. I made bold at the time, however, to predict that this year's contest would show a totally opposite state of affairs, and that from all that happened last year the Alpine Trial would be regarded as the classic event of the motoring calendar. The temporary decline of entries was due to the efforts of the Austrian and German industry to squelch the trial, but these were nullified by the large array of sporting amateurs, including Archdukes and Princes, who came forward to support the fixture; and when the malcontents had the further mortification of seeing a fine team of Rolls-Royces from Great Britain scooping up all the honours of the road for speed and hill-climbing power, they must have been foolish indeed if they did not decide forthwith to make a stiff fight of it for this year.

A Big Field.

This, in point of fact, is precisely what has happened. The leading Austrian house, which last year had no more kudos out of the event than that which accrued from supplying the official cars which set the pace, and were daily hustled off their feet by the impetuous Mr. Radley in his Rolls-Royce, have no fewer than eight cars entered for the present trial. Other Austrian cars are entered in the shape of the Puch (six), Laurin and Klement (three), Gräf and Stift (two), Praga (two), one each of the R.A.F. and W.A.F., and seven Austrian Fiats, with two Rabas from Hungary. Germany, moreover, is hardly less backward, for she sends five each of the Benz and Audi, four each of the N.A.G. and Protos, three Hausas, two each of the Opel and Wanderer, and one each of the Horch and Neckarsulm, or twenty-seven in all. America has seven cars in the Cadillac and Overland teams of three each and a Chevrolet; England has six—an Armstrong-Whitworth, an Austin, a Rolls-Royce, a Singer, a Vauxhall, and a Wolseley; Belgium has five Minerva-Knights; and France sends three Darracqs, a Grégoire, and a Hotchkiss, none of which have before been seen in the Alpine contest.

What Will the Light Cars Do?

Some of the competitors named have big and powerful engines, but the most interesting feature of the trial in one respect will be the behaviour of the light cars. There were already six comparatively small vehicles in the Hausa and N.A.G. teams when the list closed at single entries, but the late-comers include two Wanderers and a Singer. The former have engines of 64 mm. bore and 100 mm. stroke, or 1.29 litres cylinder capacity; but the Singer, *mirabile dictu*, has only a 63 mm. bore by 88 mm. stroke, or 1.09 litres! "Will they stay the course?" is the question which everyone will hazard as to these Lilliputian competitors. From an intimate knowledge of the conditions, I can only point out at the thing which

they have most to fear is the question of overheating on the more difficult climbs. The Wanderers being German cars, the makers of which are in close touch with the Alps, it may be assumed that they are fitted with radiators adequate to the occasion; but if the Singer has not been altered since it won the Light Car Trophy at Harrogate last month it may find that the successful negotiation of even Yorkshire precipices does not ensure the ability to cope with the Loibl and the Katschberg.

The Grand Prix.

It is more than possible that the interest aroused by the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man and the great Alpine Trial in Austria has prevented sportsmen from giving due attention to the French Grand Prix. Although, however, this race is not due until July 4, it is absolutely necessary for all who intend to witness the battle of giants which it will afford to make their arrangements without

a moment's delay. It is true that Lyons, the nearest large town to the circuit on which the race will be run, is a very big place, but it must also be remembered that it is in a convenient position for motorists to visit it by road from all points of the compass, and the influx of would-be spectators is bound to be enormous; I should not be surprised, indeed, to see a record crowd foregathered on the fateful day for this reason alone. The inducements for witnessing this year's race, moreover, are greater than has been the case since the Gordon-Bennett Cup days of blessed memory,



INTERESTING "THE GENERAL" IN FLIGHT: A MUSEUM OF AVIATION IN GERMANY.

for the list of entries is unusually formidable both in number and in kind.

A Triangular Duel.

For two years past the centre of interest has been the duel between England and France, so strong a bid for victory did the Sunbeams and Vauxhalls make on behalf of the Mother Country; but this year the appearance on the scene, quite apart from what other countries may threaten, of a powerful team of five Mercedes cars makes the opposition of Germany a very potent factor. Everything points, in fact, to the biggest battle for supremacy that has been seen for many years, and I can only advise British motorists firstly to make up their minds to go to Lyons, and secondly to secure hotel accommodation as quickly as they can. In all probability they will not be able to obtain a bed for less than four nights—namely, from July 1 to 4—whether they actually arrive on the scene late or not, and they may expect to have to pay at least thirty francs a day for board and lodging. Failing the obtaining of comfortable rooms in advance, the only alternative is to camp out with one's car. As regards the grandstand arrangements at the starting-point, it may be added that the price of tickets is twenty francs each, while the official garage charges are ten francs per car. At the same time, those who possess cars of their own might reasonably prefer to have some freedom of movement, and cruise about within the circuit and view the race from various points of advantage.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA does not shirk the ordeal of the modern exhibitions. Last week she visited the galleries of the Fine Art Society, where, among other things, are shown the costume-designs by artists of *La Gazette du Bon Ton*. Bakst is there in his most aggressive form, and among queer designs for vanity-bags and bonnets are still queerer drawings of gowns that could never go to Court. Queen Alexandra also went to the Steinlen exhibition, but found nothing in it she liked quite so well as a very familiar Leighton bronze, left by chance in an odd corner. The rebel of Montmartre has yet to make a conquest of her Majesty.

An Academy Mystery. Sir Hugh Lane is still buying. He does the galleries methodically, and the catalogue he carries on his rounds is not such as is given to ordinary mortals. It is borrowed from the secretary's table, and is priced. Only at the Academy is the special collector afforded no special privileges. The black books with the markings are never allowed to leave the tables in the vestibule, and in any case they are too big to carry. Is that why Sir Hugh has bought nothing at Burlington House?

voice. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is a relative of the Duke of Norfolk; and her husband, the author of the official Life of Newman, is lately back from America, where his easy manner in the lecture-hall got him the name of "Casual Ward." May his wife be equally free from nerves at the Criterion!

Lady Maud Warrender. Lady Maud Warrender is everywhere. After attending the bazaar in Shoreditch Town Hall last Wednesday, she turned up in time to lead her troupe of fifty young women at the Peace Ball. Nobody could have led them better. On the concert platform she always contrives to look like Diana the Huntress, fresh from the forest, rather than a singer with the technique of a professional and more engagements (and all for nothing!) on her mind than Melba. As Britannia at the Peace Ball her splendid presence again suggested Diana—but a Diana with a large experience of public appearances.

A Savoy Luncheon. Mr. Granville Barker works in a region redolent of luncheons; every now and then he falls into a habit common at the Savoy and week Prince and Princess Lichnowsky gives a luncheon. Last week Prince and Princess Lichnowsky were among his guests. The entertaining of an Ambassador and



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MR. AND MRS. HERBERT A. PRITCHARD.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Vera Klaber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Klaber, of 41, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, and Cleveland, Westgate-on-Sea, and Mr. Herbert Arthur Pritchard, of The Gables, Knighton, Leicester, eldest son of the late Mr. Arthur Pritchard, and Mrs. Pritchard, of Chester, took place on Wednesday of last week.—[Photographs by Ives and Bullingham and Swaine.]



MISS H. M. BROWN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN H. H. SHOTT, D.S.O., WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 16).



CAPTAIN H. H. SHOTT, D.S.O., WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS H. M. BROWN WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 16).



MISS ELSIE RODOCANACHI, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. PERCY BATTYE IS FIXED FOR THE 23RD OF THIS MONTH.



MR. PERCY BATTYE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS ELSIE RODOCANACHI IS FIXED FOR THE 23RD OF THIS MONTH.

Miss H. M. Brown is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown, of North Broadway, Yonkers, New York. Captain H. H. Shott, D.S.O., is in the Royal Berks Regiment.—Miss Elsie Rodocanachi is the second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. M. Rodocanachi, of Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park. Mr. Percy Battye is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Battye, of Sloane Court.—[Photographs by Langfieri.]

Who Shall It Be? One of the biggest dinners of the month will be the Women Writers' at the Criterion. So large are the assemblies at these literary meals that no secretary can settle all the details of arrangement off his own bat, and the committee has lit on the happy plan of asking guests to fill in a form stating their desires as to table neighbours. Provided your ambition does not soar so high as a Mrs. Humphry Ward, a Miss Corelli, or some other lady greatly in demand, it follows you have a good chance of finding yourself between friends.

Casual Ward. The Chairwoman at the Women Writers' Dinner will be Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. To cope with the acoustics of the largest of the Criterion dining-rooms is no light task; moreover, this is Mrs. Ward's first experience of the Chair, and her speech will be a maiden one. Lack of experience, however, is hardly a disadvantage; we have been sufficiently bored by the incompetence of practised after-dinner speakers to welcome the unprofessional

an Ambassador's wife involves more state than is generally observed at theatrical gatherings, especially at theatrical gatherings called together by that rare creature, an unknighthed actor. It does not always follow that a host who passes his life in lording it or kinging it on the stage is wholly fortunate in his way of rising to the occasion in private life; but Mr. Granville Barker is something more than an actor and never relapses into the rigid manners that are, surprisingly enough, characteristic of so many players off the boards. Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, on their side, know how to throw off the oppression of the almost regal formalities that they have to tolerate in their official capacity. The result was a delightful luncheon.



TO MARRY TO-MORROW (THE 18TH): MISS VIOLET SEFTON SPENCER AND MR. F. BRITTAIN OSBORNE.

Miss Spencer is the elder daughter of Mr. Alfred Spencer, a partner in the publishing firm of Hutchinson and Co., and a director of Hurst and Blackett's. She is an able violinist and a keen sports-woman. Mr. Brittain Osborne is the well-known architectural decorator who has done much to further British art in Spain. He is interested in the Territorial movement and is a Captain in the Howitzer Brigade at Woolwich.—[Photographs by Swaine and Langfieri.]

Futurism at Bay. Caruso is in great request in his spare hours, and the other night he delighted a party at Mrs. Schiff's in Lowndes Square with an imitation of a speech by Marinetti, the inventor of Futurism. The imitation was rendered all the more exciting by the presence of Signor Marinetti himself.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Has Paris Abdicated?

There are many signs that Paris, once the all-powerful arbiter in Art and Fashion, is resigning this pretension in favour of showing her genius in wonderful machines. Not so long ago we all took train and steamer to see the Salon and get ourselves "a few things." There were long special articles in the London newspapers on the works of M. Bonnat and M. Bouguereau; no one went to a London dressmaker if they could possibly afford the time and money to visit the French capital. Now the chief influence on dress is foreign, for undoubtedly M. Léon Bakst has pointed the way for M. Poiret, and the Italian Futurists and Cubists have had more influence on materials and colours than any dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix. In painting, France does not nowadays produce any great or original men; she is more intent on the conquest of the air than of the studios. Still, in the world of dress she still wields authority, chiefly because her workwomen, seamstresses, and milliners are so superior in dexterity to those of other countries. But it is a moot point if Paris can keep this dress monopoly for long. In Mr. H. G. Wells's book, "The World Set Free," there is a diverting and ironical incident after the complete destruction of Paris by "atomic bombs." Wandering among the famished and houseless ones in the Champagne country was a man-milliner, neatly dressed, with an urbane but insistent manner, who questioned all new-comers as to when Paris would be "possible" again. All his connections and interests—above all, his "style"—demanded Paris as a domicile. But the great city was an ever-burning ruin, and all that the wisest could do was to advise the great artist in dress to set to work and plant potatoes.

Frocks and the Man.

It is, however, a singular fact that in the year 1914, when women are more and more forcing their way, in the face of strenuous opposition, into the more serious and better-paid professions, that it is Man who is occupied in designing women's frocks and influencing their furbelows and jewels. The interesting show at the Fine Art Society proves that masculine artists of all nationalities save English are engaged in this occupation; Russians, Germans, Dutchmen, Italians are fiercely competing for the dominion of the Mode, and there is even one mysterious person who is cryptically described as "Lui"—a *nom de guerre* which, in Paris, I always understood meant the German Emperor. Can it be that the illustrious and versatile occupant of the throne of the Hollenzollerns deigns to spend his spare moments in designing a sash or settling the correct rake of the hat of the moment? After all, George IV. was the arbiter of all the masculine elegancies and fripperies of the Regency; and now that Man goes sombrely and rationally clad, there must be many masculine spirits who yearn to play with fine laces, brocades, and diamond buckles. For the adornment—apart from the covering—of the human frame is a deep primordial instinct.

The artists of our time take pleasure in ministering to this instinct vicariously.

Purchasing Your Partner.

I wonder if the custom of selling partners at charity balls, which was inaugurated the other night at a well-known dancing club, will become the mode in polite society? We are in such desperate straits to get money for hospitals nowadays that the thing may catch on, and beautiful Young Persons of the highest fashion may presently find themselves for temporary "sale" between eleven o'clock and three in the morning. It would certainly add to the vivacity of our ball-rooms, and a good amateur auctioneer might do wonders in running up prices, which is largely, one imagines, an affair of suggestion.

Still, such a custom would lead to terrible heart-burnings among the beautiful merchandise, for it Miss Dash fetched more than Lady Three Stars in the full glare and publicity of the ball-room, what a blow to her ladyship's prestige would not such an event entail! Only a poet like Alexander Pope could adequately tell the tale in verse, but one can, with a small effort of imagination, picture a dozen episodes which might endanger the fragile social fabric. The cotillon, with its "favourites," used to be a fair criterion of anyone's popularity; the sale of dances by auction would be a still more illuminating one.



FOR FASHION'S DEVOTEES: THREE CHARMING NEW DESIGNS.

The dress on the left is made of white "chutudo," with corsage and one-sided tunic in pleated tulle and a cluster of yellow roses at the waist. In the centre is shown an evening-gown of soft blue mousseline-de-soie, with the under-tunic of a bold pattern in daring colours. A chain of pearls is slung from shoulder to shoulder. On the right is a dress of palest yellow, with a draped charmeuse skirt and pointed tunic of gold lace. The corsage is composed of mousseline-de-soie and gold lace, finished with a wide sash of broché velvet.

Not so Easy as It Looks.

The feminine struggle for the Suffrage has now reached such an acute stage, and is so mixed up with our political life in various ways, that the Government may possibly pause before it takes any more drastic measures of repression than it has already seen fit to do. If only Unionist ladies were mixed up in this conspiracy for freedom and for rights, a Liberal Cabinet could possibly forge ahead and "deport" or send to criminal lunatic asylums all those Militants who work with such deplorable methods towards these desirable ends. But the Government itself is surrounded by Suffragists, and even gets its party funds from the husbands of Suffragists.

Is it not notorious that the infant of a prominent Cabinet Minister has for godmother a wealthy young spinster of very pronounced views and actions? There must be some solidity to a demand which makes pretty young ladies in Court trains and feathers make a scene at the foot of the throne itself. There must be deep feeling and resentment in the social atmosphere when—as happened not long ago—the Premier himself is seized and shaken by an irate lady at an evening party. Resentment at the Liberal Government's treatment of this long-expected reform is deep among intellectual women in Society and in politics. Thus the hoots and jeers of American and German newspapers on the Government's "jelly-backed" behaviour in this amazing controversy sound singularly futile to English observers who know the real facts. The complete repression of the Suffrage movement is not so easy as it looks; one may even venture to predict that it is now impossible.



By GRANT RICHARDS. (Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

ONE is supposed to sleep soundly when one has done a full day's work. How much more soundly, then, with how much better conscience, can one sleep when one has done the work and has played reasonably, and has even made the time to consider the wisdom and the folly of one's fellow-man. It is one o'clock

at night, but my sleep must still be delayed a little; this manuscript must reach the printer on the morrow at an hour when most of the lazier world is still abed. I lean back on my pillow and consider the trials and pleasures of the day.

An hour ago I was at the Alhambra. It is delightful to contemplate beforehand a visit to a revue or a musical comedy. I at least find the realisation almost invariably a weariness of the spirit. There is nowhere in the modern theatre to put one's legs. If one went to see "Ghosts," I'll wager that one wouldn't remember that one had legs, but at the average "amusing" musical play their proper accommodation is a problem that distracts the attention and spoils the appetite. I felt like that at the beginning of the Alhambra revue, but



WITH HER HUSBAND AND HIS POLO TEAM IN AMERICA: LADY WIMBORNE.

Lady Wimborne, whose marriage took place in 1902, was the Hon. Alice Grosvenor. She is a daughter of the second Lord Ebury.—[Photograph by Bain.]

I forgot all about my discomforts when Mr. Grossmith appeared. We English don't sufficiently appreciate Mr. Grossmith's genius. He is as invaluable to London as Mistinguett is to Paris. Whether he can actually write or not I don't know. In my heart I suspect that he can't, and that his "authorship" is confined to the invention of ideas. The assembly of so many accomplishments under one thatch would be almost too much. And yet. . . Well, there is very considerable literary talent in the family. Didn't his father and his uncle produce one of the great documents of later Victorian middle-class life in "The Diary of a Nobody"? And there were his father's Reminiscences. A most gifted family, to use a mid-Victorian phrase.

Does a great actor have to have a romantic physique? But what does it matter whether George Grossmith would, if he had taken a different turning, have ever become a "great" actor? We have, I understand, several great actors; we have only one actor who is an intellectual droll, who clowns with his mind. What "young" George Grossmith sets out to do he generally achieves with astounding success, and with a convincing artistry. There is nothing slapdash about his methods, nothing casual. He gets his effects with his brain. And, indeed, it is only with a considerable brain that one could construct the imitations of favourites of the old-time music-hall that are the best part of the revue. In this fleeting life it is not the noblest moment that one remembers most vividly. Scents and melodies

bring back the past to us. I do not know whether tears were in the eyes of the middle-aged among yesterday's audience—but they might well have been. We were back in the 'eighties and the 'nineties. One hears a great deal about the wonder of Sir Herbert Tree's "make-up," and Mr. Maude's. Who has achieved a more convincing alteration of his personality than George Grossmith does in his old-time rather shabby singer? And some of the people he imitates he can never have seen, or can never have observed with a reasoning mind, and yet there they are alive, transferred suddenly from their funeral cloths to this different century. . . . And Miss Lee White, too. She was a separate joy. She has an infectious gaiety.

Then, a day late, since while I can get the other Sunday

papers, I can't get the *Observer* in the rural recess in which I live, I have read the very amusing "manifesto" addressed to the English people by Signor Marinetti and Mr. C. R. W. Nevins. They wouldn't approve of the digging-up and the resuscitation of ancient music-hall corpses. They are all for the present palpitating moment. I do not think myself that Signor Marinetti's ideas are worth a row of the cheapest pins, but it becomes a different affair altogether when he joins to himself Mr. Nevins, who comes out of an intellectual atmosphere

—who, indeed, may be said to run some risk of coming out of it altogether, I am afraid. All the same, there is a great deal that is exciting about the manifesto, and even thought-provoking. I wish the Italian Futurist Movement (Milan) and the Art Rebel Centre (London) would cut it down a little and then post it on all our hoardings. Is it Mr. Nevins who contributes the anger against "the sham revolutionaries of the New English Art Club, who, having

destroyed the prestige of the Royal Academy, now show themselves grossly hostile to the later movements of the advanced guard"?

But my space is nearly exhausted, and I am getting sleepy. I shall fall into unconsciousness in an atmosphere of patience and forgiveness. It is beautiful to see John Bull turning the other cheek. Here is Mr. Massingham in the *Daily News* calling for "the intervention of reason" in the treatment of the Woman Question. The Suffrage is quite certain for to-morrow, for the actual morrow, just after the General Election, he says. "If even extreme Suffragists were approached in this spirit, and encouraged with these hopes, violence would begin to abate."

Certainly it is time to go to sleep.



THE ORGANISER OF THE BRITISH POLO TEAM IN AMERICA: LORD WIMBORNE (LEFT), WITH THE DUKE OF PENARANDA.

Lord Wimborne and the Duke of Penaranda, a well-known Spanish polo-player, have been taking part in the practice games with the British team in America in preparation for the contest for the America Cup.—[Photograph by Bain.]



MEN FROM WHOM THE BRITISH POLO TEAM WAS TO BE SELECTED: (LEFT TO RIGHT) CAPTAIN LOCKETT, CAPTAIN LESLIE CHEAPE, CAPTAIN BARRETT, MR. JOHN TRAILL, AND CAPTAIN TOMKINSON.

Owing to the unlucky accident to Captain Cheape, whose eye was injured in a practice game, there was some doubt whether he would be able to play in the first match, the date of which the Americans courteously postponed to Saturday last, to give him a chance of recovering. It was expected that, if Captain Cheape did not play, or retired during the match, Lord Wimborne would take his place.—[Photograph by Bain.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Feet at Ascot. This week the smart world is on dress parade at Ascot, and I found that quite as much attention was given by ladies of light and leading in the dress world to their shoes as to their gowns. The Raoul Shoe Company, of Paris, have, through their fine show-rooms in Regent Street, originated quite a cult in foot-wear, for every one of their distinctive and fascinating models is cut in the inimitable French style. The Medici model is quite an original one for outdoor wear; it is made with variegated colour designs, and is woven in silk on a fabric of Egyptian cotton; the price is the very modest one of 24s. For the evening, the Cleopatra is a most artistic and dainty production in beautiful brocade; the heel and straps of kid are in gold, silver, and other metal hues, and the straps are of a new design that gives a covetable appearance of slenderness to the foot and ankle. These shoes should be seen at 195, Regent Street, W., to be realised; they are suited to give a cachet to the most beautiful and striking costume.

An Important Amalgamation of Jewellers.

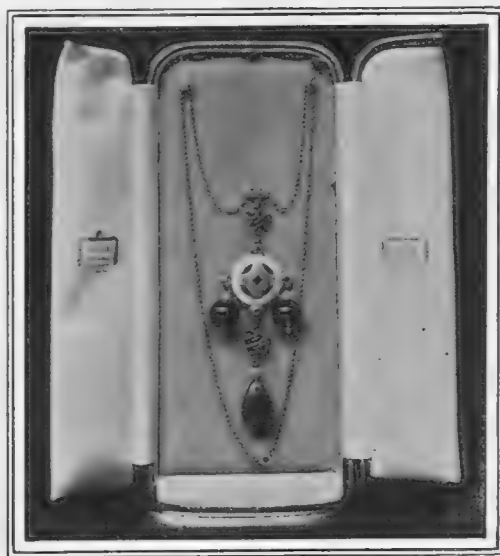
Acquiring an important factory at 179-185, Great Portland Street has enabled the firm of S. Smith and Son, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, and 68, Piccadilly, to increase their manufacturing and distributing facilities. Throughout the world, the firm, established in 1851, have made a great reputation as watch, clock, and speedometer makers. They have now also acquired the business of the Association of Diamond Merchants, with its magnificent stock of precious stones, pearls, and jewellery. Investors should see their ropes of pearls, many of which have been bought direct from the pearl-fishing districts for cash, and are still obtainable at the old prices, although these gems are worth double what they were fifteen years back, and are steadily rising in value. Catalogues of everything can be obtained on application to the firm, and comparison will show how favourable the prices are to customers. The watches and clocks are known for their reliability and general excellence; they have gained the highest honours at Kew and Greenwich Observatories.

At Home in Town. A delightful place to put up at in London is the Alexandra Hotel; it is luxuriously comfortable, in the very centre of social life, and has a unique outlook over the Park. It does not treat its guests as numbers, but as esteemed and respected individuals. Many members of European royal families have stayed there, and the visitors' book is a study of great interest. Many county families use the Alexandra season after season as a town residence; and, because of its nearness to several fashionable wedding churches, it is much in request for receptions after marriages, which are always beautifully done.



A GIFT FOR A GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A £15 TRAVELLING-CLOCK FROM DENT'S.

This handsome timepiece, which is presented by Messrs. M. F. Dent, of 34, Cockspur Street, W., is a gilt lever travelling-clock which strikes the quarters. The total value of the gifts promised under "The Sketch" scheme, we may add, now amounts to more than £3000.



A GIFT FOR SOME LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A TWENTY-THREE-GUINEA PENDANT FROM CARTIER'S.

This valuable pendant, of Chinese enamel with an amethyst drop surmounted by pearls, is presented by Messrs. Cartier, of 175-6, New Bond Street, W.; 13, Rue de la Paix, Paris; and 712, Fifth Avenue, New York. The Ball is to be held at the Savoy on the 25th in aid of the National Institute for the Blind.

has fallen the luck to which smart women will enjoy being fettered with. The links are large, shaped to the wrist, immensely massive to look at, and yet quite comfortable to wear and not heavy or cumbersome. The golfer's wristlet-watch, introduced by the same firm, still goes "like smoke," as the saying is. It is a reliable, small silver watch on a stout leather strap, and can be had for 30s. It is a lever watch, and thoroughly strong and well made. Every golfer wants one, so if a really desirable present is required, this is a valuable suggestion. Also, it is appreciated by a woman quite as much as by a man. There is no such convenience as a watch worn where it can be seen at a glance, and where it is, at the same time, quite out of harm's way.

The Very Latest Mascot.

Happily, the newest mascot is quaint and charming; it is a penguin, and is exquisitely modelled, or enamelled, as may be required, at Wilson and Gill's, the Goldsmiths, 139-141, Regent Street, who have had the foresight to produce this ornament, which has scored an enormous success. It is from the wonderful

photographs made by Mr. Ponting in Captain Scott's Antarctic Expedition, which has made such a world-wide sensation. It is used in enamelled medallions for menu-holders, inkstand-lids, cigar-boxes, match-boxes, pin-trays—in fact, everything for personal use. One, modelled in silver with black enamel, in the act of diving, is in use by Mr. Ponting as a mascot for his motor-car; others for a similar purpose cannot be made quickly enough. A penguin perched on a block of real rock-crystal is quite a triumph, and this enterprising firm is greatly to be congratulated on having introduced such a fascinating and artistic novelty. I saw, when there, a great bunch of pearls worth £10,000—many long rows of these gems just as they had come from the fisheries; also I saw a flawless ruby, a perfect emerald, a perfect sapphire, and a perfect diamond. The cost of these

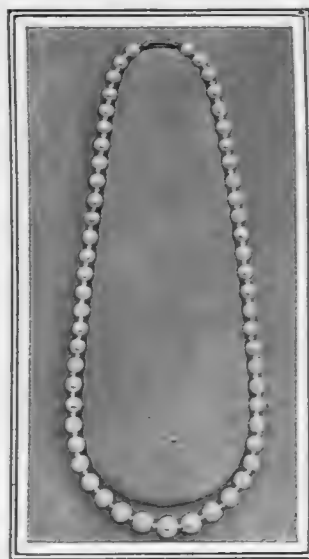
exquisite things I need not divulge, because it concerns the millionaire gem connoisseur; but it is interesting to see specialties from the stock of such a splendid firm.

The Genius of the Head

May be a different thing from the head of the genius, but is not so in this case, for both are united in the person of M. Lewis, of the celebrated Maison Lewis, who last week presided over a private view of his creations for Ascot. "Private" means, as it does in the case of pictures, very public and very fashionable. The gold hat, with its rather wide, soft, gold-lace brim, crown of glittering gold embroidery, and huge black osprey, found many admirers. Most of the new hats are larger than those we have seen lately; on the other hand, there are ducks of little ones, notably one of black velvet trimmed with clusters of dead-white grapes and vine-leaves. There are hundreds and hundreds of *chapeaux* of all styles, so that any type of face can be charmingly framed.

A Covetable Fetter.

To Charles Packer and Co., the well-known jewellers, 76 to 78, Regent Street, to introduce a cable-link fetter-bracelet



A GIFT FOR SOME LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A £20 TECLA PEARL NECKLACE. This fine necklace of Tecla pearls is the gift of Messrs. Tecla, the well-known jewellers, of New Bond Street, W. It is valued at £20.



A GIFT FOR A GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A £63 CLOCK FROM BENSON'S.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, & Co., Ltd., of 82 to 83, New Bond Street, the well-known jewellers, are presenting this fine Buhl clock in Thuya wood, 35 inches in height, with gilt dial and enamelled figures. It has a fifteen-day movement and strikes the hours and half-hours.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 25.

SOME COMING ISSUES.

BUSINESS has shown signs—admittedly only signs—of improving a little since the settlement, and that is something for which to be thankful. And yet, apart from cessation of forced liquidation, there has been but little change in general influences. Money will probably become scarcer towards the end of the month, while neither Home, Mexican, nor Albanian politics have improved very much. And markets have got to face a number of important new issues in the near future. We have had the Canadian Loan, where the underwriters got "stuck" with 88 per cent.; and the Russian Railway Loan for over three millions.

The city of St. Petersburg will ask for two millions very shortly, and the big Brazilian Loan to which we referred last week is not likely to be very long delayed. The amount mentioned in this case is £15,000,000, although not all will be offered in this country.

Any improvement in French domestic politics—and the present chaotic conditions cannot continue indefinitely—will hasten the flotation of the long-delayed Government Loan. The amount here will be very large, but if it brings out some of the country's savings it will help, rather than hinder, Continental markets. It seems pretty certain that it would be followed by several loans for Balkan nations, as all the French banks are longing to turn their paper into cash.

Finally, China will appear again as a borrower before long, but to what extent is still uncertain. The amount will probably run into eight figures, and may even total £25,000,000. It will, we understand, be secured mainly on the Salt Gabelle. It is rather amusing to recall the criticisms passed on the security of the "Crisp" Loan at the time of issue. If the "Five Power" group consider the same security sufficient for loans of fifty millions ranking behind the 1912 issue, surely the latter is cheap at 87½!

SOUTHERN ALBERTA LANDS.

Southern Alberta Land Company has been a miserable fiasco. Owing partly to the failure of the Canadian agency, a Receiver has now been appointed on behalf of the Debenture-holders, and a meeting of the latter summoned to consider the raising of further moneys. It is rather difficult to see how this is to be done, as the £250,000 6 per cent. "A" Debentures are at present quoted at only 25, and the 5 per cent. Debentures at 45. The Canadian Government are prepared to assist to some extent upon certain terms; they will lend the Company 380,000 dollars, provided that a further 900,000 dollars are found for the completion of the irrigation works.

The title of the Company's land, however, is to remain vested in the Government as security for the above-mentioned loan, so that will rank ahead of any security that can now be created. Under these circumstances, we do not imagine that there will be a great rush to find the money.

We have more than once advised the sale of the shares and Debentures, and, in view of the position now disclosed, we do not think the failure of the Canadian Agency can be considered the cause of the receivership. It merely hastened the inevitable. Whether the amount now mentioned, if provided, will suffice to complete the irrigation remains to be proved. We very much doubt it. And that the sale of the land will be other than very slow we do not believe.

The shares are obviously valueless, and the Debentures do not appear to be worth very much more than the shares. They should be sold as long as buyers can be found, and no one, in our opinion, should find another ha'penny on the security available.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION.

The report of this undertaking for the year ended March 31 being £205,000, or £15,300 more than during the previous twelve months. The gross figures are much better, but the Company has felt the general growth of working expenses. The interest on the 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock is met in full, and the 7 per cent. Non-Cumulative Preference stock gets 3½ as against 3 per cent. The carry-forward is increased by £4600 to £17,100.

The balance-sheet, however, is in a deplorable condition, and it is impossible for an outsider to do more than roughly estimate the Company's true position. The investments total £5,143,500, and of this total £1,300,000 yield no revenue at all, and only £1,529,500 are quoted on the London Stock Exchange. The actual market value of this latter item is given at £1,155,100—a difference of £374,400. The actual worth of the remaining investments no one can tell. Judging from the quoted securities, it is not unreasonable to estimate a total depreciation of at least £1,500,000, against which must be set a depreciation reserve of £602,000. Another question of importance is the value of the debts due from associated Companies, which total £221,000.

The directors, of course, recognise the unsoundness of the

position, and are going to produce proposals for the reduction of the capital, and the matter will probably be dealt with at Thursday's meeting.

In considering any proposals which are put forward, it must not be forgotten that, although the Ordinary stocks are a very long way from a dividend, the Preference stocks have no priority as to capital over them.

INDIAN AND GENERAL INVESTMENT.

The report of the Indian and General Investment Trust for the year ended April 30 shows a further improvement in net income, which amounted in all to £31,631.

The directors add £9139 (including £2631, net surplus on sales of investments) to the reserve fund, but leave the figure at which this item stands in the balance-sheet unchanged at £50,000. They repeat their intention to continue this policy until the valuation shows that the £50,000 reserve is entirely intact. This appears to be very much the same thing as writing £9000 off for depreciation of investments.

After payment of the usual 5 per cent. on the Preferred stock, the Deferred stock gets 4 per cent. actual, which makes, with the interim distribution, 7 per cent. for the whole year.

Slight modifications have been made in the capital, the Founders' shares having been consolidated with the Deferred stock, bringing the total of that stock issued up to £100,600.

The Company's funds are invested in 135 different securities, a list of which is open for the inspection of stockholders for a week in June. No less than £313,440 is invested in Bonds and Debentures.

The Preference stock at 98 is an excellent investment, and well secured; while the Deferred offers considerable attractions to those in search of a higher yield.

POINTS OF INTEREST.

Those in charge of the affairs of Great Cobar Mine have wisely decided to have an entirely independent report upon the property and mine, with a view to obtaining further information as to the extent of the ore-bodies, the method of future operations, and the amount of profit which may reasonably be anticipated from the working of the mines.

The excitement in Calgary over the strike of oil which has recently been made appears to be of the wildest description, and it seems very probable that the public over here will be invited to take a hand in the gamble before very long. The greatest caution should be exercised, as it must be a considerable time before it is possible to form any accurate opinion of the extent or value of the deposits.

At one time we were foolish enough to imagine that some sort of selling arrangement would eventually be made between the Magadi Soda Company and Brunner Mond. After the exchange of compliments which afforded the comic relief in the speeches of the respective chairmen, it is perfectly clear that such an idea is out of the question. Sir John Brunner likened his rivals to "Elizabethan adventurers," while Mr. Samuel explained that "the monopolists have a good deal of water with their soda upon which they have to pay dividends." We can almost see the growth of the smiles on the faces of consumers of soda and soda products.

The Chairman's speech at the Indo-China Steam Navigation Company's meeting was not very encouraging. After referring to the severe competition of the Japanese steamers on the Calcutta line, Mr. Keswick stated that the opening months of the current year had shown most discouraging results compared with the same period of last year. The Company will have to bear part of the loss of the *Empress of Ireland*. With regard to the payment of an interim dividend, he would not commit himself beyond stating that the directors were keeping before them the advisability of paying such whenever they considered the position justified them doing so.

The statement issued by the secretary of the Spies Petroleum Company last week certainly clears the directors from any blame over the apparent leakage of information about the recent water troubles. It does not, however, in our opinion remove the necessity for inquiries on the other side. It seems certain that two or three days elapsed between the occurrence of the inflow and the sending of the cable to the Board, and it was during those two or three days that the mischief was done.

The diamond market has suffered severely from political and financial troubles all over the world, and the heavy offerings of the cheaper classes of stones have made matters worse. Whether the coming conference will find a way out of the difficulties remains to be seen. The task is not an easy one.

When the scheme for supplying London's electricity from one central body was dropped we expressed the view that the same financial backers would be called upon to help in any arrangements that might eventually be made. It is now said that the proposals will be renewed in the next session of Parliament. No

[Continued on page xxii.]

FRENCH MODEL



Organdie Muslin Blouse with camisole (white or coloured ribbon shoulder straps) attached 25/6

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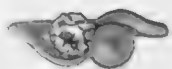
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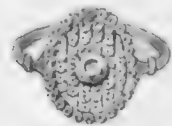
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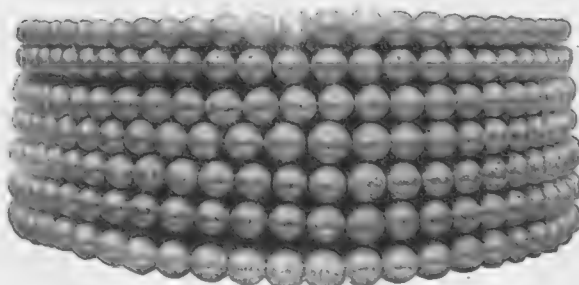


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with the complete car. Every feature specially designed and fitted as an integral part of the chassis in full working order. The same refinement, luxury and efficiency throughout. This is another of the many excellent features which characterise the 'Sheffield Simplex.'

The list price of the chassis is only £695. With complete equipment—value £230—the price is £885, which shows, on equipment alone, a saving of £40.

The equipment includes U.S.L. Electric Self-Starting and Lighting Outfit, Streamline Scuttle Dash, Electric Lamps Lamp Brackets, Electric Horn, Speed Indicator, Eight-day Clock, Jack, Pump, Battery, Tyres, Tool Box, complete Kit, etc.

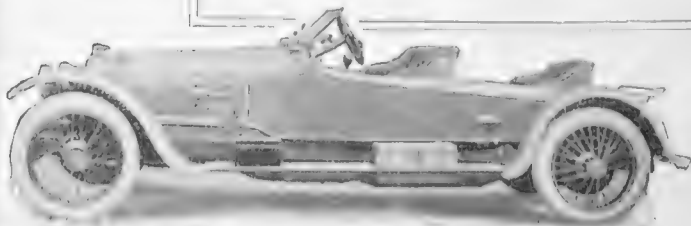
30 h.p. 6-Cylinder Chassis - £695

30 h.p. 6-Cylinder Chassis, complete £885.

Sheffield-Simplex Motor Works, Ltd.

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A demonstration run on this car is most convincing; one can be arranged without the least obligation to purchase.

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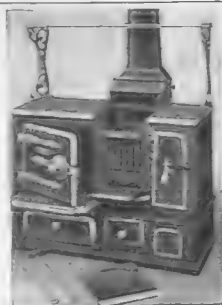
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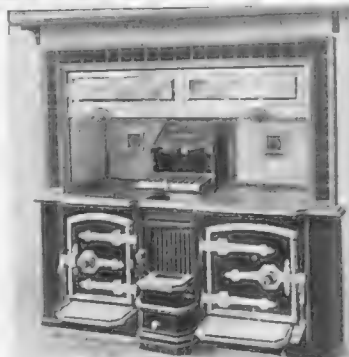
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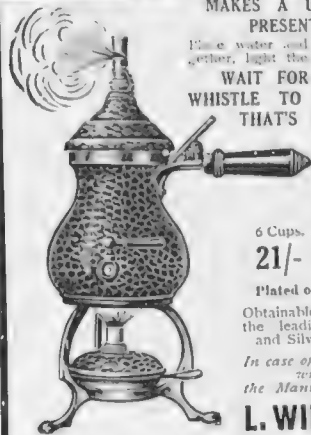


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ASCOT RACES retain their supremacy. They remain the social sporting event of the year. The racing is of the best, the stakes among the most generous; the competition for tickets for the Royal Enclosure keener in Society circles than for any other outdoor event of the entire year. The explanation is, of course, that the event is peculiarly associated with Royalty. If we cannot say of the King, "The Heath is his and he made it," we can at least claim accuracy for the fore part of the sentence, and add that his forebears re-made it. It was Queen Anne who had the course laid out, more than two centuries ago, and for generations it has been the habit of Royalty to visit the races in full, or semi, state. It is expected of them. Their presence makes all the difference between a brilliantly successful meeting and a comparative failure. Ascot could not pay its way without them.

Ascot Finance. This is no idle hazard, but based upon evidence given in the Chancery Court, where it was shown that in a recent year the receipts for a meeting from which Royalty was absent amounted to £9000 less than the average meetings at which Royalty attends. The action in question admitted the public to knowledge of the curiously complicated conditions under which the affairs of the meetings were conducted up to last year. Trustees, under an old deed, held the Grand Stand. Officials, appointed by the King, held the King's Stand, the Royal Enclosure, and the Paddock, as the King's representatives; then there were the stewards proper, appointed by the King, upon the advice, to some extent at least, of the Trustees. A year ago the strangest position had to be faced. The Trustees had in hand profits amounting to £38,000; and the stewards, or King's representatives, desired to get hold of £30,000 of this in order to liquidate a liability to that extent incurred in erecting the new five-shilling stand. The trustees resisted—and gained the day.

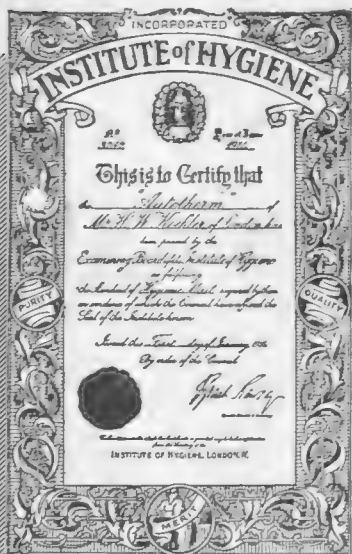
The Ascot Reform Bill. Their position was that they had had to save this money as a body constituted of old-time; the stewards were stewards only for the time being, and had no right to demand the sum got together long before they took office. The King was, of course, vitally interested, and must have recalled the position of the ruler who

remarked as the lion and the unicorn fought for the crown, "It is my crown they are fighting for." The trustees, as we have seen, gained the day, and the position was absurd. The matter was put right forthwith. A Bill was presented to Parliament by Lord Churchill, as the King's representative, and Sir William Carington, Keeper of the Privy Purse, to form one legal authority for the management of Ascot Races, and bring the Grand Stand under the same control with that of the other enclosures and properties. It came out that, failing to get the £30,000 from the trustees, the stewards had had to borrow the sum from Coutts's, upon the security of the Privy Purse. "Very good," said the trustees in answer to the Bill; "but there must be some body which will act as a buffer between the King and the people, to prevent evil-minded persons from saying that the King, who is entitled to half the takings at Ascot, makes a profit out of racing." The takings average from £30,000 to £35,000 per year, so that nominally £15,000 to £17,500 per annum goes to the Privy Purse from this source. But every penny of the money is spent for the benefit of the races, for the upkeep of stands and so forth, and for the maintenance of the wickedest, driest course in England. The control of the course and stands and enclosures is now under one authority, subject to certain supervision by three trustees, of whom one is a racing man now nominated by the King. Hence with an Act of Parliament to define the terms upon which the course shall be managed for the King, there is no shadow of doubt as to the right of Ascot correctly to be described as the Royal meeting. But precedent had already established that point.

A Princess of Wales's Crimson Petticoat.

Although it remained for the last seven years to provide a daylight snatching from the stand of the veritable Royal Gold Cup; for a dead-heat, and a disqualification for boring and bumping; for the advent of a madman on the course with a pistol, overturning horses and jockeys and getting himself fatally injured—although these events have come of late, together with an action and an injunction in the Courts against a Society woman for the cornering and illegitimate sale of tickets, the old days, which knew not these excitements, had their own appeals to the annals of the day. The most sensational thing of the closing years of the eighteenth century was the appearance of the then Princess of Wales on the course clad in a white muslin costume beneath the skirt of which flashed a crimson petticoat! You will find mention

[Continued overleaf.]



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is an attraction which you can cultivate with the help of POND'S Vanishing Cream. The regular use of this dainty preparation has a wonderfully refining effect upon the skin—removing all traces of roughness, redness, etc.

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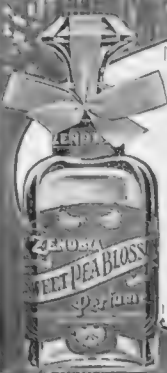
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MODEL No. 8463.

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In alpaca **2½** "

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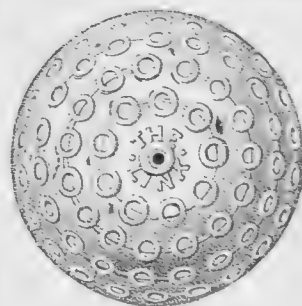
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2/- each.

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"The best for the short game."

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NON-SKID BALL

THE HELSBY CO. (British Insulated & Helsby Cables, Ltd.),

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Go to Strathpeffer Spa, in the Highlands of Scotland. Its medicinal waters and baths will rejuvenate you. Ample opportunity for golf, tennis, loch and river fishing, excursions, etc.

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Continued.

of it in half-a-score of published diaries of the time, that crimson petticoat—that ancestress of the slashed skirt and other improvisations of this present hour.

A Hissed Queen and a "Snapping" Foreigner.

But they had their more serious moments too, for Queen Victoria was hissed at Ascot, and roundly accused the then Duchess of Montrose and Lady Ingestre of being among the hissists. Such angry denials there were, such a stamping-up of the Duchess to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen, and such a curt refusal of the Queen to see any but a peeress in her own right! There was nothing like it until, years and years later, some varlet was reported in the enclosure with a kodak snapping royalties and the rest like fun. He had fairly and squarely got the royal party, and was last seen at work upon the duchesses. Angry footmen and angrier volunteers of blood set out upon a long chase and caught him at last, *flagrante delicto*, haled him into the presence of outraged Authority to reveal him as—a high official of one of the Embassies and relative of an ex-crowned head, a most distinguished visitor, innocent and ignorant of our ways! Of course, there was a convenient place in the boot of an adjoining drag for the awful camera—and a snug place at lunch for the culprit next Authority, now appeased.

Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia, have arranged to be present at a British Red Cross Society Field Day to be held on the 20th at Brooklands. There will be an inspection by Lord Roberts and Sir Frederick Treves, Serjeant-Surgeon to the King. A rear-guard action will be "fought" by men of various Surrey regiments. The 3rd Home Counties Field Ambulance will follow the troops, and Red Cross field hospitals will be equipped and staffed by 500 members of the Surrey Voluntary Aid Detachments. A feature of the affair will be the use of aeroplane search-parties for the "wounded." The event has been organised by the Chertsey Division of the Surrey Branch of the Society. The President of the Branch is the Hon. Mrs. Cubitt, and one of the moving spirits in arranging the Field Day was Mrs. Ethel Wood, wife of Captain H. F. Wood, who is a Director of Messrs. Vickers. Captain Wood will be in charge of the aeroplanes.

At the Apollo, with "When Knights Were Bold," Mr. James Welch has returned to London at the very top of his form. He has invented all sorts of new comic business to grace the story of the unwarlike and very modern baronet who found himself dumped

down into the twelfth century, and was expected to burn pretty Jewesses and fight boastful Irishmen in armour. On the whole, he is, at his best in the twentieth century, with a bad cold in his head, and giving himself up to light-hearted and utterly irresponsible fooling; but he has improved the scene in the Middle Ages, and is a delightfully entertaining figure from beginning to end of this highly successful little farce. The other characters are unimportant, and he is everything; but Mr. C. E. Lloyd, Mr. Charles Desmond, Mr. Denis Hogan, and Miss Isla Glynn do competently what falls to their share.

Mr. Zangwill has revived, in front of "Plaster Saints," a simple and unsophisticated little play for two which he wrote long ago. "Six Persons" is based on Oliver Wendell Holmes' dictum that everyone is three persons—what he is, what he thinks he is, and what he thinks somebody else thinks he is. What we see, however, is two persons each anxious, without hurting the feelings of the other, to get out of a promise of marriage thoughtlessly given; and the writing of it does no great credit to its author, who might well have let it rest in peace.

At the Annual General Meeting of the "Sanitas" Company, held recently at their Limehouse (London) factory, the usual dividend of 7½ per cent. (which has been paid regularly for many years) was again declared, the sum of £3000 being placed to Reserve Account, £1000 to Contingency Account, and £2756 13s. 4d. carried forward. The Chairman, Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., directed attention to the very satisfactory increase in sales of the Company's manufactures. He said that the value of "Sanitas Fluid" for preventing oral sepsis by its regular use as a wash for the mouth and teeth was being more and more endorsed by the medical profession and the public at large. Its unique and non-poisonous character renders it suitable for general toilet and household employment. With respect to "Sanitas Powder," the publicity that has been given to its value in the garden as a preventive against the ravages of slugs, snails, insects, and other soil-pests, together with its continued popularity as a disinfectant powder for general use, has resulted in a largely increased consumption. The value of pure air was also remarked upon, and reference was made to the report recently issued by Dr. F. E. Scrase (Medical Officer of Health for Hampstead), pointing out the importance of daily subjecting picture palaces to the sterilising effect of sunlight. As this, however, is not always possible, it was pointed out by Mr. Kingzett that the same or better results can be obtained by spraying the air of such places with "Sanitas Fluid," a process both easy and efficacious.

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SHAVING STICK

The action of the lather on the beard is to remove the oily covering on each hair. Then the water can get at the hair to soften it. So the logical place to mix the lather is on the face, where every motion of the brush not only works the lather up but works it in. This **Colgate way**—without the cup—makes unnecessary any messy rubbing-in with the fingers.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
If you wish a trial size—enough for a month's use—use the Coupon.

COUPON. (Dept. U. 17/6/14.)
COLGATE & CO.,
46, Holborn Viaduct, London.
Established 1806.

Please send me a trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick in a handsome Nickel Box. I enclose 2d. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage.

Name

Address

Makers of Ribbon Dental Cream.



TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE

Ring up your tobacconist for a tin of Taddy's London Mixture.

Taddy's have been blending choice tobaccos since the reign of George II.

In London Mixture they have evolved a new and more delicate harmony of flavour from contrasting types of tobacco. The blend is quite distinctive. Try it.

Packed in 1 oz. and 2 oz. packets, and in 2 oz., 1 lb., and 1/2 lb. tins.

Always smoke Taddy's tobacco—the finest tobacco in the best blend.

TADDY'S LONDON MIXTURE

PER **5^D** OZ





Técla
(London Técla Gem Co., Ltd.)

LONDON: 7 Old Bond Street PARIS: 10 Rue de la Paix
BERLIN: 15 Unter den Linden NICE: 16 Avenue Masséna
VIENNA: 2 Kärntnerstrasse ROME: 144 Corso Umberto
CARLSBAD: 36 Alte Wiese NEW YORK: 398 Fifth Avenue

Laboratories and Ateliers: Créteil (Seine), France

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

In orient.
texture and delicacy of
tone, Técla Pearls rival the
finest of natural gems. From
the core to the beautiful lustrous
outer skin, they tax the skill of
an expert to distinguish between
them and the products of
the cyster.



COMMUNITY PLATE

COMMUNITY PLATE is a superior electro-plate. Pure silver, four times as thick as ordinary electro-plate, is deposited upon a "backbone" of nickel silver. This, again, is overlaid with pure silver of equal thickness, making those parts most subject to wear octuple plate (eight times ordinary plate). Practically wear-proof. Guaranteed for 50 years.

To be had in canteens containing everything for six people or twelve people. Or separate tablespoons and dinner forks 33/6 per dozen. Other items accordingly. From all High-Class Silversmiths.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd., Established 1848.
Diamond House, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.

Raoul

FRENCH FOOTWEAR

The Tip-Toe of Fashion in the Raoul Shoe

No dainty toilet is ever complete without the distinctive grace and finish of the Parisian Shoe. It is to be had in perfect tone with every costume and varying colour scheme; it gives to the foot that easy fit and beauty of outline so really seldom seen. All ladies may now, through Raoul Footwear, realise the supreme, subtle fascination which belongs so exclusively to the beautiful and skilfully shod foot.



"Cleopatra."

Evening Shoe. Undoubtedly the leading shoe of the year for fashionable wear. The back and the vamp are in beautiful brocade; the heel and the straps of kid are in gold, silver, and other metal hues. The strap design is quite new, and takes the place of the upper at the instep.



To Lace or to Button.

This handsomely shaped boot gives perfect comfort, and fits like a glove. Short Vamp and square toe, with neat brogueing in Patent Golosh. Obtainable with cloth uppers, in a variety of colours, 26/6.



Court Shoe.

For Evening Wear. Delightfully modelled, with graceful, curving outlines. Square toe. In brocade of various colour designs, 28/-. Buckle not included in price.



Court Shoe.

With square toe, white or black, Dark Buckskin, Patent, Black Satin, 22/- to 24/-. White Canvas, Cuban Heel, 9/6.



Court Shoe.

With square toe, Cuban heel, and welled sole. Excellent for walking. Strong, but dainty, and very comfortable, 22/-.



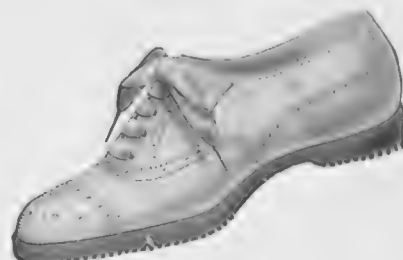
Golf Shoe.

Designed for extra comfort and adaptability to the player's game. Short Vamp. Strongly made. In Russia Calf, Black Box Calf, or White Buckskin, from 25/- to 32/-.



An Elegant Lacing Boot.

Unmistakably new in style. The fashionable note in the short vamp is accentuated. No toe-cap. Obtainable with patent vamp and cloth uppers, in several colours. From 25/- to 35/-. Also in White Buckskin.



Tennis Shoe.

Fashionable Short Vamp. Perfectly modelled for comfort and ease in play. A handsome and durable shoe. Price 16/6 to 19/6. Canvas, 9/6.



"Griselidis."

Smart Strap Shoe for outdoor wear, with Navy and Beige Kid Back, Patent Vamp, or White Buckskin and Patent Cuban Heel, 21/-.



"Charles IX."

One-Strap Shoe. Simple but Elegant. Square toe. In White or Black Suede. Patent Vamp. Cuban or Louis Heel. From 22/- to 26/-. In White Canvas for Seaside Wear, 11/6.



Smart Walking Shoe.

Modelled on the most fashionable lines, with square toe, to give complete comfort. Stocked in all patents. White buckskin top, patent back and vamp. Obtainable in various colours of cloth uppers. Also Patent or Brown Golosh, 22/- and 26/6. A similar shoe can be obtained in white, black, or dark brown suede.

Write for New French List No. 4.

The RAOUL SHOE CO. of PARIS, 195 REGENT ST. LONDON, W.

Your Skin Needs Nourishment.



PRICE 4/- & 7/6.

A Woman's Best Friend

"Cyclax" Skin Food is the *only* Skin Food which braces and refreshes the skin as well as being a perfect nutrient. Every woman should cultivate the natural loveliness of her skin by using 'Cyclax.'



REGULAR Nourishment with **CYCLAX** Skin Food is all your skin needs to enable it to maintain the elasticity, smoothness, and natural bloom of youth. It is a complete treatment in the cultivation of skin loveliness.

"Cyclax" Skin Food has been in use for twenty-five years, and has achieved really marvellous results.

Harsh and dry skins are at once benefited by its application. It builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, whilst it cleanses the minutest pores, and gives the face a beautifully nourished, healthy and firm appearance.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

"AFTER ten days' use of your Skin Food, Soap and Oatmeal Preparation, I find my face much improved. . . . Your preparations, as I have said, are simply delightful."

NICE.

"YOUR goods are so superior to any I have ever used. I have tried many others and have never found anything that compares with your goods. When I use your Skin Food all my friends notice the change for the better. I am a great admirer of your works. Your Book also is valuable."

SWITZERLAND.

"WOULD you please send to her, for two other ladies, two pots of your Skin Food, as she is sure they would use no other after using yours."

POOLE.

"PLEASE send me another jar of your Skin Food. I think it suits my skin very well. I have also used your Special Lotion, and it has improved my skin very much."

INDIA.

"I REALLY am longing and longing for it to arrive. I have never used anything that has been so beneficial to my skin as your Skin Food. It preserves and beautifies one's skin most wonderfully. I only wish I could come home and be treated by you."

Send for Mrs. Hemming's valuable book, containing unique suggestions on Hygiene, Figure and Skin, which will be sent gratis and post free on application to—
THE 'CYCLAX' COMPANY, 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.

These preparations are also obtainable at Selfridges, Harrods', Whiteley's etc., and from all Chemists and Stores throughout Australia (Wholesale: Roche, Tompsett & Co.); South Africa—Lennon Ltd.; New Zealand—Kempthorne, Prosser & Co.'s New Zealand Drug Co., Ltd.



By Appointment
Jewellers & Silversmiths
to His Majesty the King.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons). Established 1751.

LTD.

JEWELLERS

Famous for

QUALITY

VALUE

DESIGN



Highest Awards
at all Exhibitions in
Europe and America.



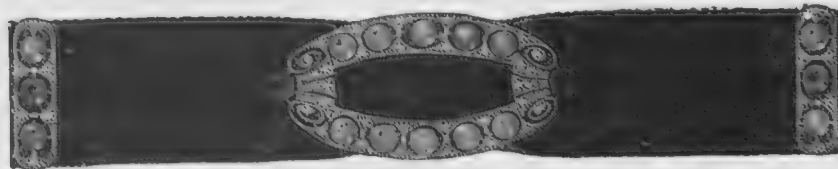
Fine quality Diamonds,
mounted in Platinum,
£70 0 0 per pair.



Fine Quality Pearl and Diamond Platinum
Set Brooch, £24 0 0

WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company display a most complete selection of Fine Jewels of the highest standard of quality in distinctive and original design, suitable for Gifts for all occasions.



Fine quality Diamond and Pearl Neckslide, mounted in Platinum on Black Velvet,
£33 10 0



The New Comb.
Fine quality
Diamonds and Pearls
Platinum Front.
£22 10 0 per pair.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE.

Only Address: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

Ross's Ginger Ale undoubtedly adds to the agreeable- ness of life—Pour

it briskly into a pint glass and notice its delicate bouquet—sweeter than the breath of the briar, the beaded bubbles bursting with fragrance at the brim, and the aroma of ginger stealing through all like the rich mellow notes of the 'cello in orchestral music.

ROSS'S BELFAST Dry Ginger Ale

It is interesting to trace the history of this Beverage right down through the ages.

The basis of its formula is a delectable Oriental *jovsome* consisting of fruits and spices crushed with sugar-cane.

This delicacy was a great favourite in Far Eastern Royal Courts thousands of years ago, and there is evidence that it was known, at least in a modified form, to the Greeks in those happy days when a goat and a basket of Attic figs was as yet the prize in contests. It was certainly imported, in the fullness of perfection, into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Doubtless, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and other great luminaries of that age appreciated it—it touched them with poetic power.

On festival occasions it was diffused through water, and in this form received many fanciful names, all suggestive of Health, and Song, and the Mystic Moon.

Long afterwards, the discovery of the effervescing principle of champagne by Van Helmont, and the subsequent work of Priesley, Lavoisier, Black and others, turned men's thoughts to the production of sparkling non-alcoholic beverages, and appropriately enough, Ireland, with its lovely skies and pure crystal waters, became the centre of a great industry.

Starting with a vision, the Messrs. Ross established their factory on the banks of the beautiful Lagan, Belfast, and very quickly, indeed, the name of Ross became famous throughout the world in association with the *best non-alcoholic beverage* ever devised by man.

Delicious fruits, fragrant spices, refined cane-sugar, pure natural water, and the sparkling spirit of champagne—all brought together by the progressive skill of three generations of one family—produce in Ross's Belfast Ginger Ale a beverage which must surely suggest a bunch of the choicest of *Time's roses*.

Its purity and wholesomeness commend it as the *best beverage* for all those who have something to do in the world, and for the Home Circle when the day is done—it quenches thirst, charms away the feeling of fatigue, gives stamina, and convinces you that the end of the British Empire is not yet—not yet.

W. A. ROSS & SONS LTD., BELFAST

THE DEBATABLE QUESTION.

THERE must be times when even the best-balanced man is in a desperate hurry. Then, if he needs something made for him quickly, there are many folk ready to take advantage of his necessity. So far as he is concerned there is but little time for consideration and none for analysis. The one thing he asks for is rapidity and, sometimes, he gets little else.

This is often the case in the delicate and recondite matter of clothes. There is the sudden demand for your presence at some country seat, or it may be that you are ordered abroad without very much warning. Sudden additions have to be made to the wardrobe. You want to be measured for clothes and have them delivered at once. Your tailor throws up his hands in despair. It is a physical impossibility. It cannot be done. You declare that it must be done, and then the possibility comes into your mind of getting a ready-made article which shall not invoke criticism, nor convey the notion that it has been made without any regard to your own personality. Is it possible? It is a very debatable question in matters sartorial. We find many suggestions in the realm of advertisement that various firms have the "ready-made" article looking equal to the "made-to-measure," but we remain sceptical, and not without reason.

One of the writer's friends was in some stress of mind because he wanted some new suits at short notice. Neither he nor the writer was at all convinced that a ready-to-wear suit could be anything but unsatisfactory. However, he made the experiment, and it was a success. It must be promptly added that he went to GIEVE'S. Now Gieve's is the West-End emporium for men, consisting of a very bright and well-arranged building at 65, South Molton Street, W., a few steps from Bond Street and Brook Street, where the ever-growing *clientèle* and the well-ordered disposition of every detail are the outcome of the firm of Gieve, Matthews and Seagrove, Ltd. having been controlled by three generations of practical men.

Of course, it was a matter of surprise and of congratulation that the experiment had proved a success. The writer's friend approached the matter in the most tentative fashion, but took heart of grace when he found that the material of the clothes submitted to him was of the best. He soon saw that there was nothing to be ashamed of in the quality of the cloth. Then, being fairly proportioned, he discovered himself to be a stock size. Last, but not least, the cut of the suit was all that could be desired. One or two very trifling alterations had to be made, but these were almost literally the work of a moment. All's well that ends well, and my hurried and meticulous friend was more than satisfied.

The debatable question as to whether ready-to-wear clothing can ever be satisfactory in every respect seems to be settled in the affirmative provided only that you accept the wisdom of going to Gieve's. There is, if one may put it that way, a conscience in everything which they sell, and you will find no rubbish there. It is almost a rule with us not to cast a favouring eye upon any tailoring which is not made to order, but Gieve's, with the conscientiousness of their workmanship and material, provide the exception.

There is a further economy of time in going to Gieve's. In addition to the best material and the services of the best cutters, you will find all that you require under one roof. Having ordered your clothes you will find suit-cases and walking-sticks, neck-ties, and underwear, hats and hosiery of every description. No. 65, South Molton Street, is a clubable place where there is no importunity to buy and where men foregather with the double purpose of getting the right thing and getting the right thing at the lowest possible cost.

The firm are ready to supply a well-illustrated catalogue, containing patterns of pyjamas, summer shirts and the like, upon application, but as a visit to the premises is such a pleasurable and such a profitable experience the shrewd reader is sure to take the sincere advice—go to Gieve's.

Gieve, Matthews and Seagrove, Ltd.,
65, South Molton Street, W.

PROGRESSIVE PICTURES

Contrasting the old and the new styles of luggage. Or one neat Innovation Trunk as against several pieces of luggage

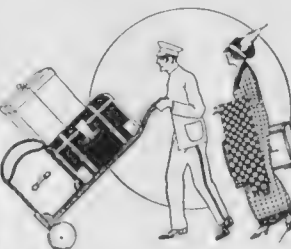
INNOVATION TRUNKS

TRADE-MARK

The Old-fashioned Way



Several Trunks of the old-fashioned kind cause infinite trouble and weariness in packing. An Innovation Trunk would save it all



Anxious, and assisting the worried porter. So many pieces of luggage need constant looking after. One Innovation Trunk would have meant none of this



Another ordeal which an Innovation Trunk would have saved. Going on the steamer renews the care and worry incurred by numerous trunks and traps



The zealous Customs' officer insists upon examining. More humiliations and vexation. Everything is tossed about. An Innovation Trunk, which shows everything at a glance, would have smoothed the way

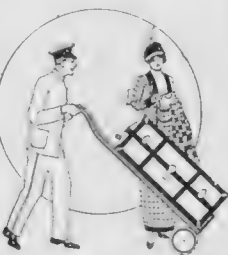


To have to dine in creased and crumpled clothes is a poor reward for so much care and trouble. The lesson should be—Never travel without an Innovation Trunk

The Innovation Way



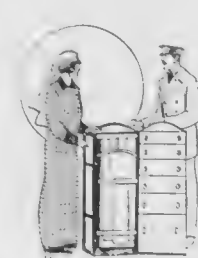
My Lady of the Innovation Trunk finds that with infinite ease it will carry all she needs for her visit



At the Station My Lady of the Innovation Trunk spends only a second on her luggage. It is so much easier to look after one piece of luggage than five or six pieces



On the Quay, My Lady finds a leisure moment. Thanks to the Innovation Trunk being registered through she has no luggage worries



The Customs has no terrors for My Lady. Without unpacking the Innovation Trunk the officer sees in a minute all that is being carried



The hotel reached, My Lady descends without a crease or wrinkle in her gown, because the Innovation Trunk not only carries clothes but keeps them in order and perfect condition

One Innovation Trunk holds nearly as much as two ordinary trunks, and there is, of course, a corresponding decrease in weight. Then, remember, there is no unpacking to be done

Write for the New Book No 15



Outside measurements, 39 in. by 13 in. by 21 in.

For Week-End Visits or World Tours

IN this Trunk the Innovation fitment of arms and hangers will carry four to six dresses for a Lady, or four complete suits for a gentleman, and the drawers will hold a suitable quantity of Linen, Lingerie, or Shirts, Collars, Underclothing, Boots, etc. If required, it can be shared by a married couple.

Everything is kept in beautiful condition—no crushing or creasing possible. No laborious packing. Absolutely no unpacking; open the Trunk and you find everything at hand. You take out or put back any article without disturbing the rest. One piece of luggage instead of several pieces of luggage—this trunk does for all

The Innovation "GAZELLE" Trunk (as illustrated)

Price £4 10 0

Delivered free in the United Kingdom

Write for the new illustrated Book No. 15

Once know the advantages of an Innovation Trunk, and you will have no other. These advantages are fully detailed and illustrated in our new Book No. 15. It should be in your hands. It is sent free

THE INNOVATION INGENUITIES LTD. 16 New Bond St. LONDON, W
and at 3 Werrington St., Oakley Sq., N.W.
55 Brompton Rd. Knightsbridge, S.W.

MANCHESTER: 56-58 Deansgate
GLASGOW: 106 Hope Street
BRUSSELS: Severin Frères
BUENOS AIRES: Hirschberg & Co.

LIVERPOOL: 40 Bold Street
NEW YORK: 329 Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO: 624 S. Michigan Avenue

EDINBURGH: 16 George Street
PARIS: 10 Rue Auber
PHILADELPHIA: 1310 Walnut Street

FLESH REDUCING ELASTIC

Corsets, Belts, Bodices, and Slip-ons.

TWO OF OUR NUMEROUS MODELS.

MODEL 1.

Elastic Slip-on.

As Illustrated.

Boneless and buskless. To be worn in place of corset.

Price, in Cotton from ... 21/6
In Silk from ... 42/-
according to depth.

Elastic Bodice.

As Illustrated.

(Fastens at side.)

Reduces the bust several inches immediately it is put on.

Price, in Cotton ... 15/11
In Silk ... 25/6

MODEL 2.

Elastic Corset.

As Illustrated.

16 in. deep ... 21/6
18 in. deep ... 31/6
Silk from ... 42/-



Model 1

Model 2

HYGIENIC and Comfortable. Ideal for the fashionable line, golf, walking, and all sports. The Elastic Corset and Bust Bodice forms an ideal combination, creates the correct silhouette, gives that delightfully free and uncorsetted feeling and

PERMANENTLY REDUCES
by gradual massage.

Reducing Red Rubber Belts, Chin Straps, and Armlets for Night Wear

We hold the largest Stock of ready-made Elastic Goods in London, or woven to measure on our own looms in three days.

A Selection sent on Approval on receipt of remittance or London reference.

CATALOGUE ILLUSTRATING VARIOUS ELASTIC AND OTHER CORSETS SENT POST FREE UPON APPLICATION.

Corsets Cleaned, Repaired or Copied.

We hold a large variety of newest shapes in Tricot, Etamine, and Batiste from 21/6

Corsets made to measure in 3 days.

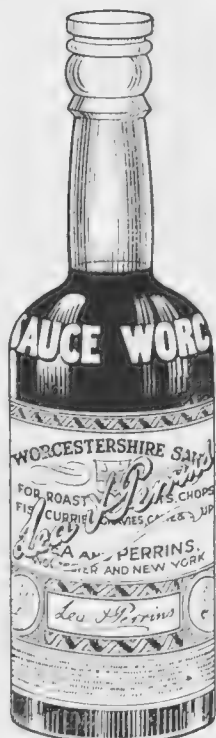
MAISON ROSENBAUM, L^{TD}.
CORSET MAKERS,

298, REGENT STREET, W. (Near Queen's Hall)
466, OXFORD STREET, W. (Near Orchard St.)
23, WESTBOURNE GROVE.

A Double Safeguard.

When buying Worcestershire Sauce, always look for the *signature in White*

Lea & Perrins



on the *Red* label, and see also that the name LEA & PERRINS is embossed in raised letters on the glass bottle.

Lea & Perrins' label and bottle are copied to such an extent that these precautions are necessary, in order to make sure that you are being supplied with the *original and genuine Worcestershire* and not one of its many imitations.

THE WORLD-FAMED
ANGELUS
 GRAND & UPRIGHT
PLAYER PIANOS

ARE A MASTERPIECE OF SCIENCE AND ART,
 THE PERFECTION OF BOTH PIANO AND PLAYER.

The Human Touch of the Master Hand
 achieved by the Marvellous and unique
 Patented Angelus Expression Devices

THE SUPERB ENGLISH PIANO:

Marshall & Rose
 GRAND & UPRIGHT
PIANOFORTES

FOR SPLENDOR OF
 TONE AND PERFECTLY
 RESPONSIVE TOUCH ARE
 UNRIVALLED.

The Piano which
 Inspires.

EASY PAYMENTS can be arranged
 to suit the convenience of purchasers.
 INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EX-
 CHANGE and good value allowed.
 KINDLY CALL OR WRITE FOR
 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE No. 4

Sir Herbert Marshall & Sons, Ltd.,
 Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



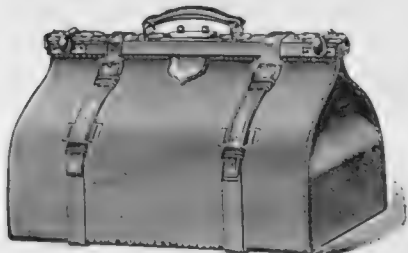
**OLD ENGLISH
 GARDEN SEATS**

THESE Garden Seats are designed after the
 famous Old English styles and are manu-
 factured from the best materials and by
 expert craftsmen. Please write for illustrated
 catalogue containing nearly one hundred different
 designs of Garden Seats, Chairs, and Tables.

JOHN P. WHITE & SONS, Ltd.,
 THE PYGHTLE WORKS, BEDFORD.

Showrooms:

123, NEW BOND STREET, W.



The new "Week End" Bag. Selected
 Hide, strong lock and clips, straps round.

18 in.,	20 in.,	22 in.,	24 in.,
45/-	50/-	55/-	60/-



DRESSING
 CASES
 specially
 designed
 to take
 CUSTOMERS'
OWN
 FITTINGS.

John Pound & Co.

Actual Makers



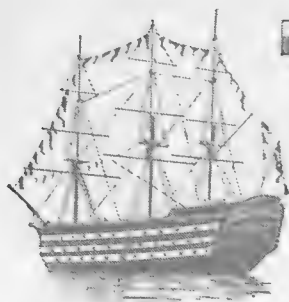
EXPORT
 ORDERS sent
 at SPECIAL
 REDUCED
 PRICES.

Gentleman's Cowhide Dressing Case, Plated and Wood
 fittings, with Leather-Covered Box to carry "Auto Strop" or
 "Gillette" Safety Razor.

Without Razor, 82/6 With Razor, £5 2 6

268-270, OXFORD STREET, W.
 187, Regent Street, W. 67, Piccadilly, W.
 177-178, Tottenham Court Rd., W. 243, Brompton Rd., S.W.
 81-84, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

Lady's Dressing Case, made of SUPERIOR ROLLED HIDE lined
 LEATHER, complete Set of SILVER and IVORY fittings.
 Size 20 x 14 x 7, £23 5 0



By Royal Warrant Makers
of Sailor Suits to the Queen

EVERY STYLE OF "NOW" & "THEN" FOR LITTLE MAIDS & LITTLE MEN

The "Rowe" premises at 106, New Bond Street are recognised as the Children's Shopping Headquarters of London.

In all London there is no other shop quite like "Rowe's," no other shop devoting all its energies *exclusively* to the apparelling of Children.

"Rowe" Tailored Wash Suits and Frocks combine a charming simplicity of style and good cut, with a sound sturdiness of material and of workmanship unusual; they are tailored—they need nothing more than the average attention of the average laundry to restore their original freshness when soiled.

Extra deep hems and wide turnings provide ample "let-outs" easy of adjustment for a growing child.

ROWE
The Children's Shop
106 NEW BOND ST
W
(AND AT GOSPORT)

Rowe's booklets, showing numerous other suits, frocks, &c., will gladly be sent on application. They are full of new ideas for children.

The "Eric" Suit.

Coat and Knickers in Harris Linen, lined throughout, tailor-made. Colours: Buff, Navy, Saxe, White.

Without Waistcoat ..	15/6
Pique Waistcoat ..	5/6
Cotton Blouses ..	5/11
Silk Blouses ..	12/6

The "Beatrice" Frock

is in good washing Zephyr, with white Vest, Collar, and Belt. Silver Grey, Saxe, Navy, or any colour to order.

27 in. long, 21/6.
Rise and fall, 1/- per inch.



EXHIBITION & SALE of OLD ENGLISH FARMHOUSE FURNITURE



A collection from old Farmsteads of England, in which is reflected the sturdy artistic characteristics of those fascinating bygone days of the Jacobean and Elizabethan periods. The examples are arranged in our spacious Salons, and form a

MOST UNIQUE AND INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

Every piece is for sale at moderate prices.

Our usual extensive stock of modern Furniture in all styles is now replete with new designs.

WOLFE & HOLLANDER, Ltd.,
252-6, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD (Oxford St. end)
LONDON, W.

Cupid's Promptings.

"Madam, dear,—

the steady nerve makes the steady hand that holds the steering wheel. Nothing equals a spray of "4711" as a bracer of the nervous system. Take my advice, and always have a bottle with you."

Original Bottles, 2/6,

Case of 3 " 7/-,

Case of 6 " 13/5.

Other sizes from
9d. to 30/- each.



Hall's Distemper Walls
are a picture in themselves.

This Decoration combines the "art idea" with solid practical advantages such as are obtainable with no other wall covering.

Choose it with confidence, whether your home is old-time or modern; whether you decorate for rich effect or in simple good taste; for a healthy home, for hard wear, or for economy.

Hall's Distemper

is applied directly upon the wall, with which it combines to give an impervious surface, hard as cement, yet soft as velvet in appearance. It contains a powerful germicide, instantly destroying microbe and insect life. It is free from the colour fading and dust collecting disadvantages of wall paper, and may be cleaned by lightly sponging with warm water. It lasts for years with beauty unimpaired.

"HOW TO DECORATE YOUR HOME." A booklet that helps, by giving beautiful examples in colours, and useful hints, free by post, with a selection of the 70 beautiful shades in which Hall's Distemper is made, from the sole manufacturers:

SISSONS BROTHERS & CO. LTD., HULL.
London Office: 199^B, Borough High Street, S.E.
Liverpool—21, Cheapside.
Reading—6, Gun Street.
Manchester—Sandywell Works, Greengate.
Glasgow—105 and 113, Bath Street.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THERE is a return to the old style of musical comedy in "The Belle of Bond Street." For the purpose, the American adaptors have used "The Girl From Kay's," which was one of the earliest attempts at the new style; that is to say, it was a farce with a little music and only a small chorus. It now reappears with a large chorus, dressed in the fashion customary in revues, and with a large quantity of music. The results are mixed. So far as it is a musical comedy, there is not much to be said for it. It is often dull, and there are things in it for which the expression "errors of taste" is not too strong. But when the individual players are allowed to take things into their own hands, it is excellent; and most excellent of all is Miss Ina Claire. She put new meaning into imitations of popular favourites. Her Ethel Levey and her Harry Lauder were wonderful, both as imitations and as independent revelations of comic genius, and her dancing was delightful. Mr. Sam Bernard, too, proved to be a highly entertaining specimen of the Hebrew character-actor, and good work in singing and dancing was done by Miss Ruby Norton and Mr. Sammy Lee. The plot was kept alive by Miss Mabel Sealby, who sang prettily, and by Mr. Martin Brown; and though it did not promise well in the first act, "The Belle of Bond Street" made an astonishing recovery.

At the Court Theatre the Irish Company introduced a new one-act play of remarkable merit by Mr. T. C. Murray. It was a brutal little study of the arrangement of a marriage of convenience by two Irish farmers; and though it is a strong thing to say, no more life-like and entertaining picture of Irish peasants has been given to us even by this brilliant little company. The fathers and the daughter were wonderfully played by Mr. Kerrigan, Mr. S. J. Morgan, and Miss Ann Coppinger, and every character in the play was a little work of art. Mr. Murray's "Maurice Harte," and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News" completed a very admirable programme.

"Compensation," by Felix North, which has been occupying the Court Theatre for several afternoons, is a gallant but amateurish effort to write a very serious play. From its title it was meant to show that every rose has its thorn. Mr. Fred Lewis, for instance, who was a jolly, stout old gentleman, lost his seat in Parliament but gained the hand of a lady whose graciousness was marred by the fact that she could not see a joke; and thanks to Mr. Lewis, there was some entertainment in this part of the story. More solemn was the sad story of a young man who loved and was loved by a Peer's widow, but, owing to the will of her late husband, was

compelled to choose between a loveless career of success and utter poverty. What he chose was left vague at the end; but the interest roused in his fate was so slight that it did not matter. Miss Frances Dillon played the lady gracefully, and Mr. Cowley Wright was terribly in earnest as the young man.

"As It Used to Be" is not quite a correct description of the entertainment at the Little Theatre: had it been, our pleasure would have been much enhanced. It is merely tantalising to see Mozart (not George), Kemble (J. P.), Garrick, Master Betty, and Mrs. Siddons impersonated by clever people quite unable to suggest the qualities that rendered the originals famous. We were amused by the attempt to show the manner in which the great ones played and the circumstances under which they acted; but the amusement passed away quickly, and the act of "Douglas" and of "Hamlet," indifferently played, became dull. I ought to mention that Miss Marjorie Patterson did exhibit real power as the majestic Siddons. The house was much entertained by Mr. Nigel Playfair's performance as the ridiculous West Indian, Romeo Coates, whose unintentionally burlesque performance of serious parts gave joy to our ancestors. The act from "The Beggar's Opera" excited curiosity, for there seemed a chance that Gay's famous musical comedy might prove fit for serious revival. Unfortunately, the grim, rather coarse humours have lost their point—the state of things made fun of is unimaginable nowadays, and yet one feels that a Gilbert might have found inspiration in the work. The music is quite pretty in a simple, tuneful way, and was agreeably sung by Miss Evangeline Hilliard and Miss Hannah Jones. Queer that this early musical comedy led to the marriage of a Duke with the star—the Duke of Bolton with Lavinia Fenton.

The new play at the Prince of Wales's is rather depressing, for poor Miss Goodall has to work hard during four acts looking as mournful as a first-class funeral or the king who never smiled again. Mrs. Horlick, the author, has some talent, very little judgment, and apparently no sense of proportion at all, and the piece gives one the idea of being an adaptation from a long novel made by a playwright with an exaggerated respect for the novelist. The audience seemed interested by the play and its conscientious effort to present a study of the attitude of two women towards one another. The players were really beaten by their parts, although they worked heroically. Miss Edyth Goodall and Mr. Allan Aynesworth failed to make the barrister and his wife seem interesting; whilst clever people like Mr. Sam Sothern and Mr. Donald Calthrop were hardly noticeable. Miss Dorothy Minto had about the best chance, but she was worked mostly on the pathetic line, which is not her strongest point. Miss Ellen O'Malley was quite charming.

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Continued from page 356.]

details are yet available ; but, no doubt, considerable modifications will be suggested in order to meet the requirements of those Companies which were responsible for the failure of the original arrangement.

The improvement in the number of "boys" employed in the mines has been quickly reflected in the Transvaal gold output. The figures for May have just been announced. During that month 720,229 oz. fine gold were produced, which have a value of £3,059,340. These figures are better than those recorded in any month since August of last year.

The New York Stock Exchange committee have reported that they do not consider it advisable to take any action in the matter of the Bonds of the defaulting States of the Union. Although not altogether unexpected, this decision is none the less disappointing. With the help of the New York Stock Exchange, it would have been possible to bring heavy pressure to bear on the States concerned. The Council of Foreign Bondholders have been pegging away at this matter for many years, and are not likely to let it drop for a long time, but without the active support of the New York interests the task is a difficult one.

The U.S. Steel Corporation's figures for May are eloquent of the condition of business in America. Unfilled orders at 3,998,260 tons were 279,000 tons less than at the end of April, and this total is the smallest registered since October 1911. Should the decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission permit the railroads to raise the freight-rates, orders will probably flow in much more freely. Otherwise, grounds for an improvement are difficult to discover.

The Hudson Bay Company's final dividend of 25 per cent. brings the total for the year up to 40 per cent. This compares with 50 per cent. for 1912-13, but as the published receipts showed a marked falling-off, a decrease was fully expected. Conditions in Canada last year were such that the land sales were bound to fall off, and we have little doubt that this Company's prosperity will again increase as the country emerges from its existing difficulties.

The explanation of the further postponement of the Chartered report until autumn is miserably insufficient. The fact that certain matters are still *sub judice* is a very poor reason for withholding all information, financial and otherwise, from the shareholders. How can the public be expected to find capital for the development of the country when they are treated with such scant consideration ?

In spite of extremely clever advertising of what we should imagine was an exceedingly cheap article to produce, Plantoids have not proved very profitable, and a compulsory winding-up order has just been made against Plant Plantoids, Ltd., the holders of all the Deferred shares of (New) Plantoids. And yet the idea was an excellent one, and the consumption of the tonic by anæmic roses and sweet peas in the suburbs alone must be enormous. We have always imagined that their introduction inspired Heath Robinson with at least half of his gardening masterpieces, and was responsible for the somewhat vulgar catch-phrase "My word!" etc.

Saturday, June 13, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

KELVIN.—As long as you are content with the yield of 4.3-8 per cent. the security is excellent and the shares are a gilt-edged Industrial.

M. M.—(1) Is unlikely to pay dividend for many years, and will probably see a cheaper price. (2) Has been unfortunate, but should eventually recover its old prosperity.

C. B. H.—Your list is a very sound one in view of the yield on the money, and your risk widely spread. The shares at the end of your list are, of course, the most speculative, but you should be able to watch these yourself, and use your own judgment.

WESTERN.—We consider that Lumut, Kuala Selangor, and Linggi have better prospects than those you mentioned.

B. P. (Essex).—You can hold Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 9; No. 3 is simply a gamble, but the loss is so heavy that you had better run them a bit longer. No. 5 should be sold on any rise; and No. 7 we do not like at all. No. 8 has been disappointing, and the outlook is rather doubtful. You might buy a few Modder "B," Van Ryn Deep, or Renongs.

PERPLEXED.—We prefer Nos. 1, 3, and 4 of the Mines you suggest. We think International Railways of Central America Common and Preference would be better than the South American security that you mention, and certainly advise putting some of your money into the Home Railway Preference stock which you suggest.

MERRICK (India).—Your ideas are quite sound, but we are not sure that there is any advantage in including the Canadian Provincial securities. We suggest you divide the money among (1) Russian South Eastern Railway 4½ per cent. Bonds (guaranteed by the Government); (2) Canadian Pacific; (3) Industrial and General Trust; (4) River Plate Trust or Foreign and Colonial. See also this week's note.

G. L. B.—We think the decline has been overdone, and advise you to hold for the present.

"CITY."—The charges are regulated by a fixed scale, depending upon the form and value of the shares or stock. The details are too long to print, but your broker would supply them.



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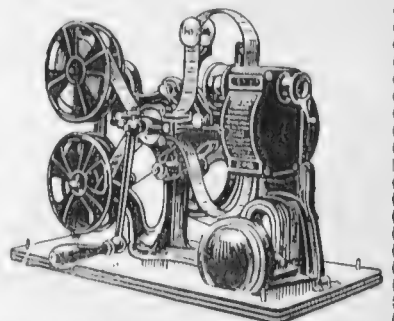
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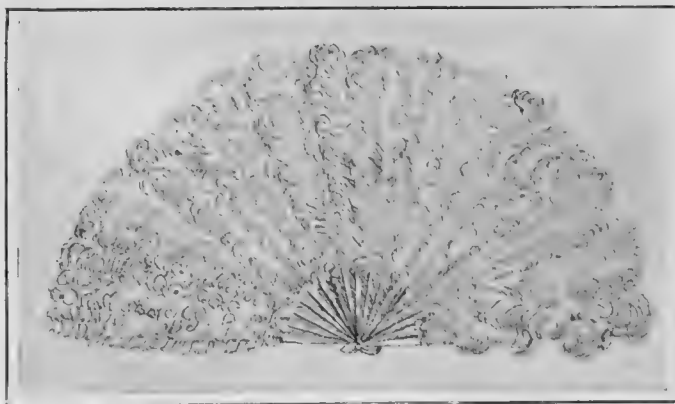
CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Justice of the Peace."

By FREDERICK NIVEN.
(Nash.)

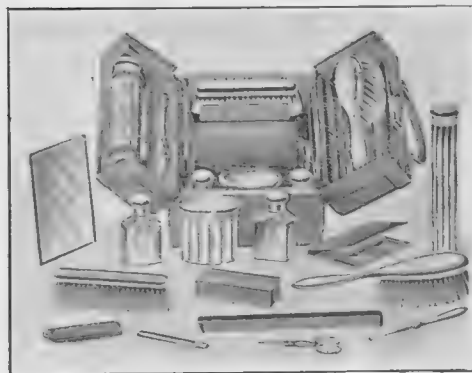
Mr. Niven's new book has come about in the best of all ways that a book can.

It is a story which he has been drawn into, and haunted by so greatly "that I had to allow it to turn into a book and write it down." It is a long story, a family one, innocent of sensation till the last page, and sparing of drama in the cruder sense, but no one, having read it, can regret the obsession laid on its author to tell it. Bitterly or smilingly we often quote the truism that it is impossible to know a human being except by living with him. And perhaps that is why the



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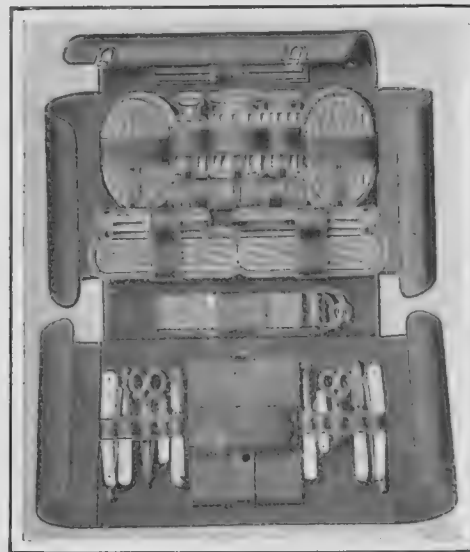
This dressing-bag is presented by Messrs. Edwards, of 159-161, Regent Street, W. It is in polished morocco, lined with watered silk, and has fittings of sterling silver. The size is 8 by 6 inches and 4½ inches deep.

family makes so large a claim on the minds of distinguished writers. A man may go pleasuring or working or wooing and reveal himself greatly, but only in the daily intimacies of breakfast, of reading his newspaper, of making his toilet, of passing his after-dinner hour, will he do so completely. Each of us, knowing some one family life, has the material for a book; but it needs also the eye and the tongue. That is where Mr. Niven and his like come in, not merely with an entertaining hour, but bearing a lamp for our

is vital and perennial, if one may say so, in our humanity! Mr. Niven did a notable piece of work in Ellen Adair, the girl destined for wrong turnings, the girl with beauty who will inevitably flaunt it down them; but Mrs. Moir is less obvious, more impressive, and so comprehensive of her qualities as to be synthetic. The love that begins by saying to a child, "If you love your mother you will do this or that" (disagreeable to the child, but right in the mother-sight), to please her, seems so just and

[Continued overleaf.]

own paths along the dark, subtle, fascinating passages of other people's individualities. His Scotch manufacturer of cloth who is the J.P. of the title, the younger son Martin, and Mrs. Moir herself, the most significant and sinister figure of the story, probably lived their lives in Glasgow with little beyond casual comment from their neighbours. Yet how important their affairs become in the presence of the philosopher and the artist. How the small bickerings and defeats and joys of them touch everything that



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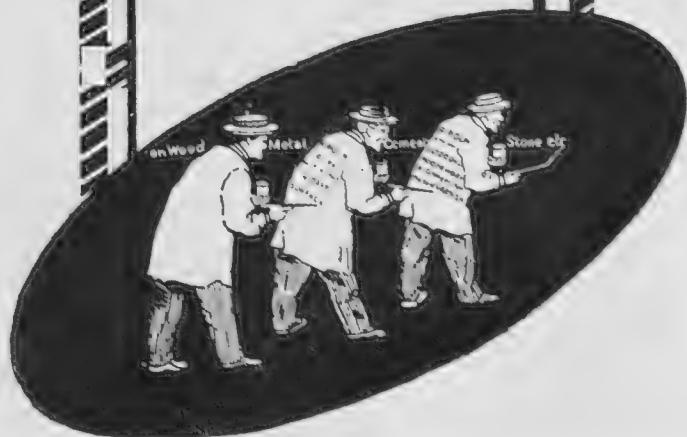
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[Continued.]

proper a love at first sight. Martin, on looking back for tender moments between himself and her, saw little else; as he grew, he shrank from her because her love for him seemed all an amorous torture—a subtle killing of him, a robbing of all the light that he loved . . . a voice going on and on—telling him not to be selfish, but to try always to please his mother. . . . To her the proof of any talk of affection could best be given by doing things he did not want to do—"for Mother's sake, because you love Mother." When his genial father's opposition broke down and art stood smiling in the high road of life, "she could concentrate all day on how to persecute an artist. She could concentrate all day a bitter

hatred of her son's ways. She seemed to know always what to do to upset the real life that others led." He had craved for her affection up to the moment when he flung his "Damn you" at her and left the house, he even craved for it after, but her tyranny and her lovelessness were too strong for life—they fed on the drawing-room lore of the Purity Society, or the Eugenist League. Not till Death interposed with double emphasis did Rachel Sinclair Moir wonder "if,



FOR SOME LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL : A SIX-GUINEA CASE OF RAZORS.

This case of razors is presented by Mr. Charles Jaschke, Court Haircutter and Perfumer, of 52, Regent Street, as a gift for a guest at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on the 25th.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

perhaps, in some little things, now and then, she had been hard." Mr. Niven has made a wonderful and a terrible thing of her, yet so allied to our humanity and so close to our daily experience that all lovers, and especially mothers, may sense a danger-signal in her story.

Tragedy of some shape dogs such a woman's steps, but Mr. Niven's humour triumphs many a time in the workshop and the studio. A dozen or more things would be delightful to quote, and must not be quoted; the reader will enjoy them none the less for being left to himself.

"One Man's Way."

By EVELYN DICKINSON.
(George Allen.)

The love-affairs of a doctor occupy the pages of Miss Dickinson's story. Not a very remarkable person as doctor or man, but human, and therefore as likely to be a prey to the hunter as a knight to the chaste lady. Romance would fare ill without the naughty young woman whose especial mission seems to be upsetting the apple-carts of the good and virtuous. Daphne, who got very much in one man's way, is as disturbing a specimen as Miss Dickinson can make her; but such novels are for happy endings, with evil shut up in a madhouse and romance flowering beneath a Roman sunset.

"The Quick and the Dead."

By EDWIN PUGH.
(Chapman and Hall.)

This is a story that could only be found below a goodly list already to the author's credit. The artificer is so plainly at work: "Here will be a profitable theme," he has meditated, "and these shall be my puppets"—and the curtains shake beneath his manipulation of them. Allowing so much, there is skill and ingenuity in the scheme. "The *crime passionnel*" springs dramatically from "the Eternal Feminine"; "the Dead yet speaking" calls from "The Shadow." Four well-constructed acts for a night's diversion, these. The whole atmosphere is too eerie and

[Continued overleaf.]



GIFTS FOR GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL : ARTICLES SUCH AS THE SAVOY TAYLORS' GUILD ARE OFFERING AMONG SIXTY GUINEAS' WORTH OF PRESENTS.

The Savoy Taylors' Guild, of Savoy Court, are making gifts of hosiery and boots amounting in value to sixty guineas.

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Cyder is the most healthful of drinks—but it must be pure. In this and other respects Whiteway's Cyders stand supreme. They are guaranteed to be made from pure apple juice and from British apples only, without the addition of chemicals or any deleterious substances whatever. Increasing thousands of the British public are realising more and more, as their ancestors did, that pure, wholesome, and delicious cyder unquestionably possesses many advantages over every other beverage owing to its refreshing, stimulating, and beneficial influences upon the general health.

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has, in fact, become so popular that it can be regarded as the national wine of England; and it is now preferred in most cases to wines and beers. Of special value to those suffering from Gout, Rheumatism, and kindred ailments, is

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It is most strongly recommended by the Medical Profession as a preventive and cure. All brands can be obtained through your own Wine Merchant, Licensed Grocer, Stores, etc.; but for those who do not know which brand would suit them best, we offer to send a sample case containing two dozen pints assorted, case and bottles included, and carriage paid for 12/-.

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CLAIMS PAID...	41½ MILLIONS.
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Scottish Widows Fund Life Assurance Society.

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(THE BEST AID TO BEAUTY)

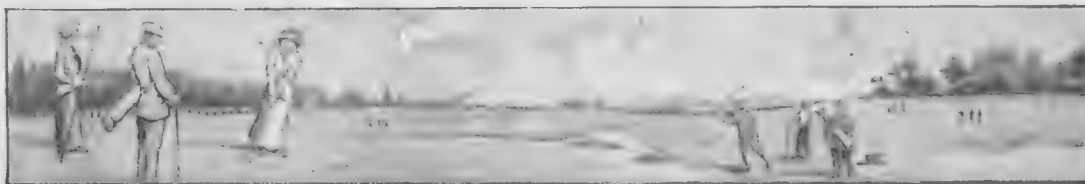
regularly applied will keep your hands and face quite free from Roughness, Redness, Irritation, or Tan, and will soon produce a complexion as Smooth and Soft as Velvet. It is Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after Golfing, Tennis, Motoring, Yachting, etc.

DURING YOUR HOLIDAYS you will find it INVALUABLE when away at the Sea, the constant exposure to the sun makes a high-class toilet cream indispensable. Beetham's La-rola is quite greaseless, and is unequalled for removing Sunburn, Roughness, or Redness; it whitens the complexion, and makes the skin beautifully smooth and soft. When you pack for the holidays don't forget Beetham's La-rola. Gentlemen should use La-rola regularly before and after shaving; it soothes the skin and keeps it in condition.

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emotionally charged for anything, murder or suicide; to strike intolerably harsh upon the ear; both occur more than once, yet—and there Mr. Pugh's technique triumphs—the personalities hold their own in the clash and clamour of events. Particularly is this true with Jenifer, who is as elusive and confounding as was ever the Eternal Feminine. Mr. Pugh is more than the romancer when he touches the perversity, the inherent impurity, of his strange heroine;



A GIFT FOR A GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: OPERA-GLASSES FROM MEYROWITZ'S. Messrs. E. B. Meyrowitz, of 12, Old Bond Street, W., are presenting these opera-glasses, in a blue case, valued at £5 15s. 6d.



PREMISES OF ONE OF THE GIVERS OF GIFTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A SALON OF MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

Mme. Rubinstein, whose London establishment is at 24, Grafton Street, is presenting complexion treatment and cosmetics, to the value of £21, as gifts at the Midnight Ball, which, we need hardly repeat, is to be held at the Savoy Hotel on the 25th, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind.

Photograph by Manuel.

he is the artist elaborating a study of some exotic *fleur du mal*, and accounting for her, as do most of us nowadays, by heredity.

How many a housewife welcomes Scrubb's Ammonia—a thing that the good ones are never without. It is such a good servant and does so many things well that its modest cost is one of the pleasantest surprises in this way. For cleaning purposes it has no rival; in the bath a couple of tablespoonfuls is refreshing, invigorating, and delightful; it soothes pains from stings and bites of insects—it is, in fact, the cloudy fluid-of-all-work, and most capable at that.

Those who have tried them know that the "K" shoes—and we hear of unprecedented sales in suede and other fashionable leathers—are always absolutely right. For fine weather, for smart occasions, or for the

stress and push of a hard round on the links—no matter what the pursuit be, in fact, there is a "K" for every one. This famous make of British shoes is equal to all requirements.

As everyone is aware, a whisky with a reputation is always worth knowing, especially when that reputation is due to the care taken by the distillers in the selection of their materials, the water-supply to the distillery, and the methods adopted. Old Bushmills Whisky owes its success to attention to these points and the fact that it never leaves the distillery until it is properly matured. The whisky has long been a favourite with the knowing ones owing to its delicate flavour.



A GIFT FOR A GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A BONBONNIERE FROM FULLER'S.

Messrs. Fuller, Ltd., of 209, Regent Street, W., are presenting three bonbonnières, or boxes of sweetmeats, worth in all £9 9s.—[Photograph by Campbell-Gray.]



The man who wants a good Havana cigar—and fixes his price at 6d.—will find in the Pedro Murias Habanos his ideal cigar.

Every Pedro Murias Habanos has this band on it.

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6d. each.

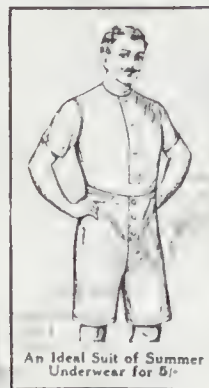
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A Selection from List of Depots where AERTEX CELLULAR goods may be obtained:

London ..	Oliver Bros., Ltd., 417, Oxford St. W.	Glasgow ..	Arnell & Yuill, 20, Gordon Street
Aldershot ..	R. Scott, 8, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.	Grimsby ..	J. Garrard, 102, Cleethorpe Road.
Bath ..	Thos. White & Co., 23-29, Union St.	Hull ..	Gee & Percival, 16, Market Place.
Belfast ..	Crook & Sons, 21, 22, High Street.	Leeds ..	Hyam & Co., Ltd., 42 & 43, Briggate.
Birmingham ..	Lowry & Officer, 12, Donegall Place.	Liverpool ..	Watson Pickard, 16, North John St.
Bradford ..	Hyam & Co., 21, 22, and 23, New St.	Manchester ..	J. Hyslop, 107, 109 & 111, Oxford Rd.
Brighton ..	Brown, Mull, & Co., Market Street.	Middlesbrough ..	A. Foster, 74, Linthorpe Road.
Bristol ..	F. Yeomans, 31, Western Rd., Hove.	Newcastle-on-Tyne ..	Isaac Walton & Co., 23-31, Grainger St.
Cambridge ..	A. Quinn & Co., Clare St., & Marsh St.	Nottingham ..	Dixon & Parker, Lister Gate.
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Coventry ..	Cavendish House Co., Ltd.	Preston ..	R. Lawson & Sons, 139 & 131, Fisher.
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Eastbourne ..	H. E. Taaffe, 8, Upper Sackville St.	South Shields ..	Willan & Halls, 48, King Street.
Edinburgh ..	Bolby & Co., 106, Terminus Road.	Wolverhampton ..	A. Hall, Stafford House, Queen Sq.
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FROM THE PAINTING BY LAWSON WOOD.

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RECIPE FOR A WEDDING - CAKE.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR BUTCHUR.

Black and Gold: Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."



I.—"LIGEIA."

"She came and departed as a shadow. . . . In beauty of face no maiden ever equalled her. It was the radiance of an opium-dream—an airy and spirit-lifting vision more wildly divine than the phantasies which hovered about the slumbering souls of the

daughters of Delos. . . . At . . . moments was her beauty—in my heated fancy thus it appeared perhaps—the beauty of beings either above or apart from the earth—the beauty of the fabulous Houri of the Turk."

FROM THE DRAWING BY THURBURN.

Black and Gold: Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."



II.—"THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER."

"I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. . . . An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring for ever in my

ears. . . . If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least—in the circumstances then surrounding me—there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe."

FROM THE DRAWING BY THURBURN.

What We are Coming To!



1. EVENING - DRESS.
4. WALKING - SUIT.

3. RACE - HAT.

2. WEDDING - DRESS.
5. SPRING OVERCOAT.

THE DRESS OF THE FUTURE FOR WOMEN—ACCORDING TO A. H. FISH.

DRAWN BY A. H. FISH.

FOR SALE.

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GINGER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. BARRIBAL.

The Language of the Hair.



1. "THE MERCI POUR LA LANGOUSTE."

4. "THE CRIMSON RAMBLER."

3. "THE SHOCK."

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY LÉONNEC.

2. "THE LOVE ARBOUR."

5. "THE STORMY NIGHT."

In the Clouds.

FOR SALE.



THE HONEY - MOON.

DRAWN BY BALFOUR KER.

Black and Gold: Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination"



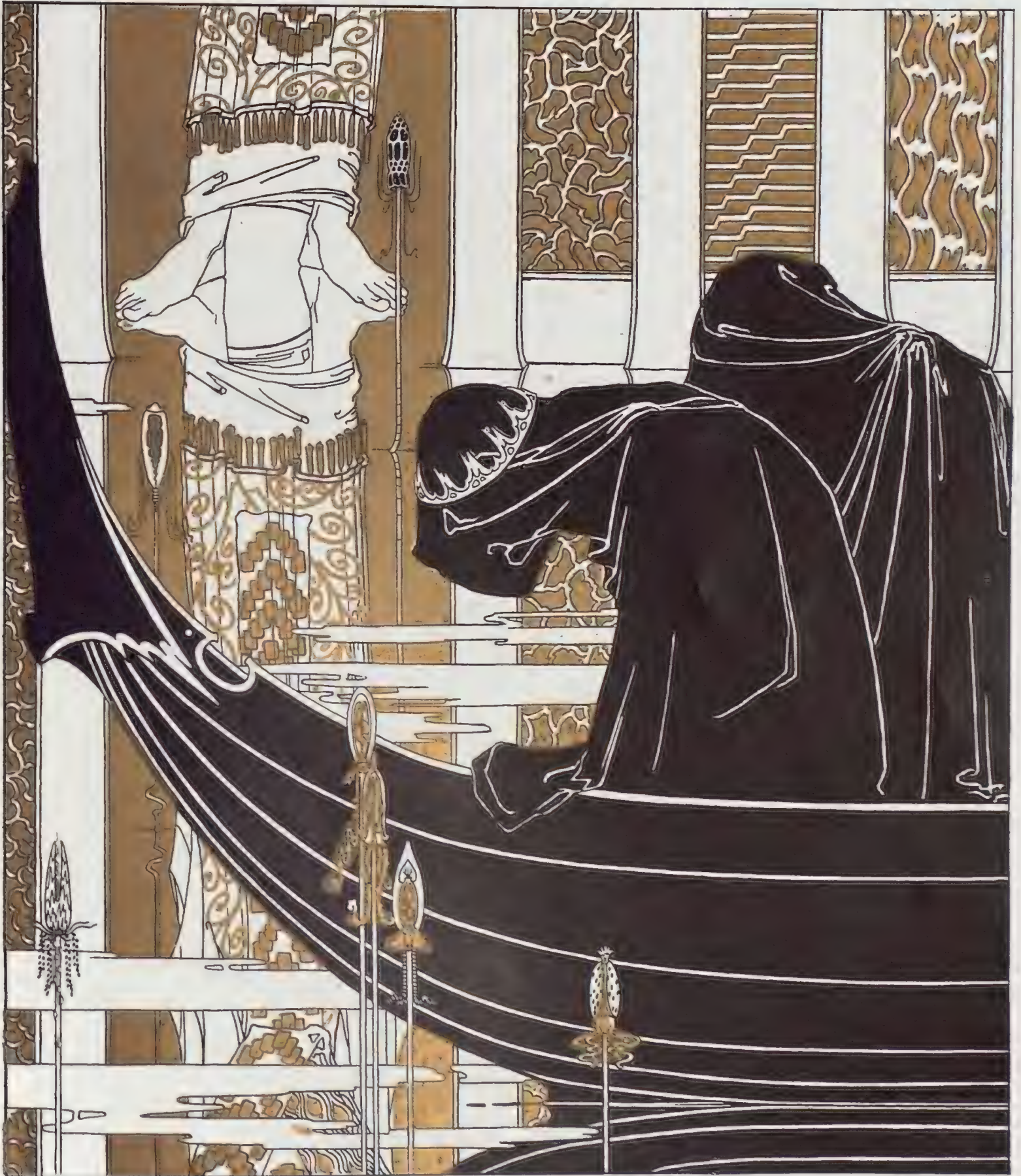
III.—"ELEONORA."

"Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale. . . . Here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees . . . Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen

years, roamed I with Eleonora before Love entered within our hearts. . . . The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the Valley of the Many-Coloured Grass. A change fell upon all things. . . . And life arose in our paths."

FROM THE DRAWING BY THURRUHN.

Black and Gold: Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."



IV.—"MORELLA."

"Nor was I indeed ignorant of the flowers and the vine—but the hemlock and the cypress overshadowed me night and day. And I kept no reckoning of time or place, and the stars of my fate faded from heaven, and therefore the earth grew dark, and its figures passed by me, like flitting shadows, and among them all I beheld only—

Morella. The winds of the firmament breathed but one sound within my ears, and the ripples upon the sea murmured evermore—Morella. But she died; and with my own hands I bore her to the tomb; and I laughed with a long and bitter laugh as I found no traces of the first, in the charnel where I laid the second, Morella."

FROM THE DRAWING BY THURBURN.

On a Summer's Day in the Morning.



WISDOM AND FOLLY.

DRAWN BY RUBY LIND.

A. SUMMER STUDY BY BLAMPIED.



THE WHIP.

DRAWN BY E. BLAMPIED.

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DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

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DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

A SUMMER STUDY BY BLAMPIED.



THE WINNERS.

DRAWN BY R. BLAMPIED.

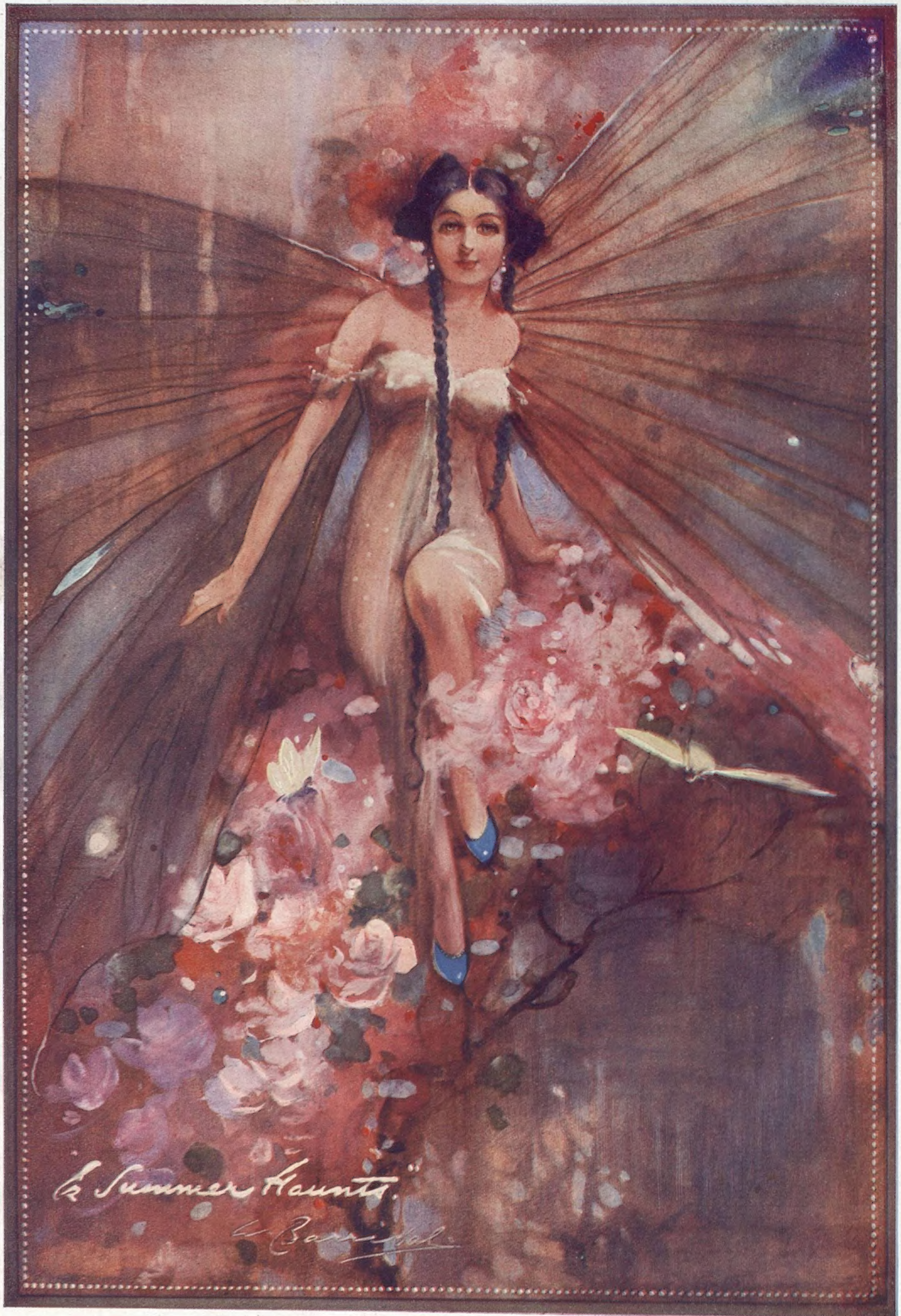
The Blue Bather.



FOR SALE

SHADY.

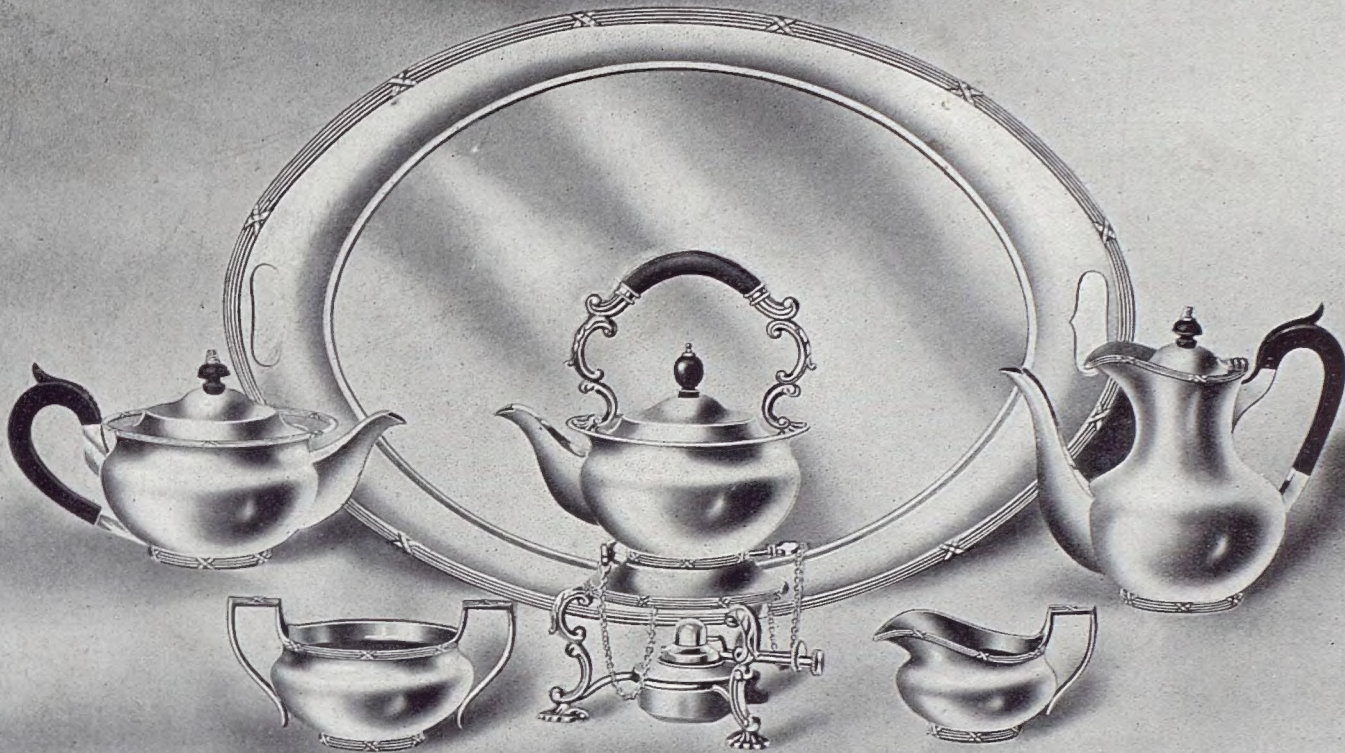
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Tray (extra)	9	17 6	Sauce Boat	7	0 0
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Entrée Dish	3	17 6	18-in. "	3	3 0
Breakfast Dish	3	5 0	Revolving Soup Tureen	3	15 0
	6	0 0		6	0 0

Cutlery, Spoons and Forks are also available in the designs shown.

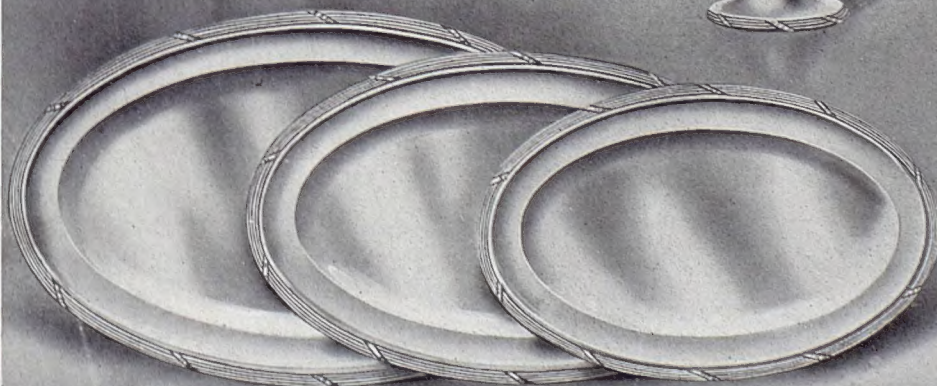
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